THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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FRIENDS OF GERMANY

THE AMERICAN Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities has issued a statement regarding Germany's treatment of the Jews which is conspicuous among almost innumerable utterances of the sort by virtue of the fairness of its point of view and the firmness of its faith in the value of moral protest against injustice. This committee is composed of a large number of Protestants, Jews and Catholics, who are eminent in the public, business, professional and religious life of the United States. A considerable proportion of its most active members have studied the German situation at first hand. A most careful examination of all available facts was made. The statement reaches the public at a time when Chancellor Hitler has reached the end of his first year of power, and is a needed reminder of the fact that power which overrides justice can never be acceptable to civilized people.

Not grudgingly, but even warmly, this group of Americans note with sympathy and appreciation "the new spirit of life and enthusiasm which has been developed among the people of Germany —a fact which all observers of the Nazi revolution have observed, but which not all have found praiseworthy. Nor does the committee hesitate to express even more emphatically its understanding of and sympathy for the German demand for full equality of standing and treatment as one of the great nations of the world. Indeed, it is in the spirit of friendship for the German nation, so pronounced that it goes so far as to speak of the Nazi revolution as "this praiseworthy attempt to rehabilitate and inspire the national life," that the committee makes its statement. It does not denounce what has happened, and what is still going on, but rather deplores the "persecution of Jewish citizens," because it "is isolating Germany from other nations and alienating their good-will." It is this spirit which gives the statement its strength, and which we may trust will make it effective. For it does not mince its words in describing the Jewish situation in Germany, which it finds to be starkly a persecution.

It does not base its judgment merely upon the physical outrages which have been perpetrated, and which though exaggerated in the first reports certainly did occur, the committee finds. Far more serious, of course, "is the announced determination of the government to eliminate a vast major-

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ity of the 600,000 Jews in Germany and the larger number of others who are counted Jews on account of mixed Jewish and Gentile ancestry, from the political, commercial, professional and cultural life of the nation. The evidence of this is clear and based on official statements of government authorities. Any man would rather suffer some physical injury than be ruined in business or driven out of his profession and thus deprived of the means of support for himself and his family." As the committee points out, the suffering of the women and children is much worse than the assaults upon men. "Peculiarly trying is the fate of Jewish children who are compelled to live in an atmosphere of fear and hatred which dooms them to an abnormal life. We do not overlook the fact that political and economic, racial and religious factors are all involved, and that it is difficult to disentangle them; but the main fact is indisputably clear—that hundreds of thousands of loyal Germans of Jewish descent are being treated with grave injustice."

The committee meets and properly disposes of the three main objections which have been raised against this and similar protests. This first objection is that the people of Germany have the right to handle their domestic concerns without outside interference. But the treatment of the Jews—or of the loyal Protestant and Catholic Germans who will not submit to the full demands of the controlling element—is a question of justice and humanity, of concern to all civilized people. The second objection is that criticism from outsiders may harden the German government's policy; but that risk must be taken, for "as friends of the German people we cannot acquiesce in the assumption that a humane and liberty-loving people should fail to protest against injustice lest the perpetrators be hardened in their determination. . . . We believe it to be not only the right but the duty of all right-thinking men and women to voice their protest against injustice wherever it exists. . . . Silence does harm but timely protest has often been a mighty force for good." The third objection is that Americans, of all peoples, are the last who should protest against racial injustice, considering the prevalence of such injustice in the United States. But the committee correctly points out that such manifestations do not represent a policy of the government of the United States, but are in clear violation of its constitutions and laws and are condemned by the overwhelming public opinion of the country."

In Germany, however, as the committee points out, it is the official and avowed policy of the government to deny to a whole class of its people their equal rights as citizens on account of their Jewish descent "and even virtually to order Christian churches to become an instrument in the carrying out of this policy.

"The committee earnestly appeals to public opinion throughout the nation, and especially to the Christian churches, to express their sympathy with their oppressed brethren in Germany and those in exile from Germany, to voice their protest against the wrongs to which they are being subjected, and to develop everywhere a stronger moral consciousness of the inestimable value of political, economic and religious freedom and the urgent necessity of emphasizing it in these days when the maintenance of this inalienable right is being seriously jeopardized."

WEEK BY WEEK

Slaughter at Washington

MURDEROUS glances were exchanged at Washington while arguments pro and contra birth control were slain at hearings not always graced by sober, scientific calm of the sort one might expect when so important a subject as the future of the race is up for discussion. The one "pro" who offered anything like an idea was, in our opinion, Rabbi Goldstein, and he did it inadvertently. Indignation made the Rabbi's diction quiver as he described the injustice of laws which prevented him and his co-believers in limitation of the human output from sending recipes through the mails and selling assorted gimcracks over the counter. It seems never to have occurred to him that other people might not like to get some of his mail, or that youngsters who ought to know better might be tempted to buy some of his merchandise. Doubtless this was an oversight. We have therefore come by an idea. Would it not be expedient to pass a law permitting the Rabbi and others of his persuasion to append to their churches or synagogues a special bureau empowered to give graduate courses in contraception, with the understanding that no one not a member of the congregation would get admittance? While this suggestion may give rise to the thought that we as Catholics have designs on the religious future of the United States, it is well to add that we are under no illusions, either on that or other cognate subjects. Our sole concern is the decent defense of liberty. If in a hypothetical year to come, some Mrs. Maggie O'Grady should still wish to have a baby, we are for doing all we can to keep her from being talked out of it by references to a dozen matters such as "social planning" about which the said hypothetical Mrs. O'Grady might properly not give a tinker's dam.

Again the Dollar

DOLLAR devaluation seems to have evoked more discussion and possibly more resistance than other monetary schemes relied upon to tease prices into advancing. Of course that devaluation itself is almost unanimously considered a good thing, in the present stage of national economic development. It gives fair assurance to business that a reasonable amount of

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currency stability is to be expected. On general principles we favor the bill as amended by the Senate Committee. This bill prevents the issue of the profits to be made through devaluation from figuring in a political basketball game, and it assures the nation of better and possibly more open supervision of the writing down process. Whether or not the results anticipated will actually materialize is another question. There are indications that the President is banking heavily on success. If the general recovery program is to be speeded up to the extent required, there must be a general rise of commodity and security prices sufficient to increase the credit-receiving power of all enterprise and to fill the reservoir into which income taxes flow. Should people generally be persuaded that since dollars are cheaper everything else must be worth more, some of the desired "rise" ought to be waiting round the corner. The trouble is they may not be so persuaded.

A Calmer Spain

SINCE the last elections, some improvement in the position of Catholics in Spain is noted by observers. It is true that the Church has no spokesman in the new Lerroux government, but this fact is probably due to a wise decision on the part of Catholic groups to avoid everything which might evoke another attack upon them. One of our correspondents goes so far as to say that while "Lerroux assumes the honors and responsibilities of government, Gil Robles pretty much directs his acts." As the leader of the Catholic coalition, Señor Robles, has accepted the republic, despite opposition from the extreme monarchists. More generally, signs of a religious revival, now that political passions have calmed down, are discernible. Larger numbers of men attend Sunday Masses, and the news that Francisco Macia, a leading anti-clerical, had died with a crucifix in his hands after receiving the sacraments, made a deep impression on the masses. Some improvement in educational legislation is anticipated rather confidently. It is even rumored that the Jesuits may be permitted to resume their work, although little hope is held out for a restoration of confiscated ecclesiastical property. All in all, it looks as if the worst of the storm has passed.

To Mark or not to Mark?

WE READ that the system of marking school children on their daily recitations and examination work, as a basis for their promotion to advanced classes, has been abandoned in still another quarter —this time by all the elementary and junior high schools of a city in Massachusetts. This attack, now fairly general, on the venerable practise of giving exact grades and requiring "passing averages" is, of course, part of the tendency toward the subjectivizing of education by which the reaction from excessive standardizing has been marked. Like so many other details of the movement, it may produce valuable experimental results. But we have more than once wondered whether one of those results may not be to restore the practise of giving marks to its pristine authority. It is true, of course, that this practise often leads the pupil to concentrate on grades rather than on knowledge; that it promotes classroom rivalry; that it may occasionally work an injustice upon a non-conforming pupil. But those who advocate destroying it have certainly not considered the possible drawbacks of its alternative: that is, of the system of rating the pupil's progress in general terms only, and of promoting him when he is felt to be ready for it.

CHILDREN are not what many unconscious disciples of Jean Jacques take them to be: perfectly rational, and always motivated by the loftiest considerations. They fit into the pattern of the human race as we already know it. They require, in varying degrees, some outside stimulus to work, they need an occasional beneficial shock to focus their efforts, they respond to emulation and triumph. Whatever level of scholarship and whatever self-discipline in attacking difficult problems any group of children may attain, it is in the highest degree unlikely that their performance will be permanently bettered simply by the removal of the incentives to competition and the salutary fear of failure. Nor are teachers invariably infallible. They have moods of favoritism, of forgetfulness and bad judgment, against which a detailed and cumulative record is at least better security for the child than no record at all. For these quite practical reasons, in a practical world that must use weights and measures, the device of keeping a daily grade and of presenting a regular test which must be met, was evolved. It is a device often used to devitalize education, a device which very arguably might be modified by other devices less cut-and-dried, as pedagogy accumulates its findings. But it is hard to believe that it can be ultimately dispensed with in any sound system of teaching or learning.

The Boat Show

THE boat show in New York this year shows prices for standard articles going up and a marked increase in ingenuity to devise new products that can be offered to an impoverished public at a moderate price. Cris-Craft that for a time seemed to be losing in its race with its principal competitor, the Dodge Boat Company, in the creation of boats the equivalent of the Ford and Chevrolet cars, this year has an augmented line that we believe can be fairly said to be a couple of legs up on Dodge. Dodge's popular utility series that provided a lot of fool-proof and fast boat for a little money, has been shaded this year by an even less expensive Cris-Craft boat

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that has a double bottom, batten construction sides, a roomy cockpit for swimming or picnic parties and a speed of better than twenty miles an hour. Cris-Craft is also bringing out some interesting cruisers that should be a boon to city cliff-dwellers in the summer time when they want to find a quick, inexpensive road to the open. Matthews, that has been the Buick of the stock model motor cruiser field, this year blossoms out with a sturdy, handy small sailing cruiser of the type that Jack London —or was it Flemming Day?—sailed across the Atlantic. Elco has improved its smartly designed line of floating bungalows, and we note in the show number of *Yachting* that the company has developed a sailing machine, somewhat on the plan of a catamaran, that they claim has done over twenty knots an hour and breasted winds and seas that were knocking down conventional type sailboats. Several real down-Easters have put in an appearance at the show with lines of sensible small boats; they complain that bad conditions in the fishing industry have been hard on the building of work boats and to this can be added, no doubt, changes incident to repeal. Here we have indicated only a very few of the enterprises that the boating industry is showing and have not even attempted to touch on some of the extremely interesting developments in engines.

Wild Life in America

THE SIGNS increase that the United States is becoming a civilized country. We are finally getting around to the preservation of wild animal life, after a pioneer period in which game has been pot-hunted, and in some cases ruthlessly destroyed, until there have been signs of its extinction. The American Game Conference meeting in New York recently had outlined for it by Thomas H. Beck, chairman of President Roosevelt's committee on wild life, a plan of large scope not only for the preservation but also for the restoration of American game. More than a third of the 50,000,000 acres of marginal land which the Department of Agriculture intends to purchase and retire from farm use as part of its farm rehabilitation program will be turned into breeding and nesting areas for migratory waterfowl and reservations for the protection of upland game. Hoyes Lloyd, supervisor of wild life protection in Canada, has been urging the pressing necessity for action in the United States as there has been a marked decrease in waterfowl migration in the summer to Canada due to the market slaughter of birds in our central and southern sounds and lakes and the lack of feeding areas for the birds. Last season, for instance, observers reported only 5 per cent of the brant and Canadian geese in the Maritime Provinces that were to be found there four years ago. This indicates what Mr. Beck described as a critical situation. He added, "Millions of acres of marsh and other sub-marginal land upon which hundreds of thousands of farmers are going broke trying to make a living would be of much more economic worth if retired to the public domain and nature aided in producing a crop of wild life thereon.

"AT PRESENT, authority over wild life protection is scattered through many departments and bureaus, and the principal authority, the Bureau of Biological Survey, is inadequately equipped and manned for a large administrative task. The President has ample authority under existing laws to consolidate departments and bureaus. Nothing contemplated, so far as we know, will require legislation and therefore the plan, if approved, may be put into immediate execution." Mr. Beck further emphasized that the President's committee had determined to omit for the present the study of highly controversial issues on the relative merits of various species and to include restoration projects for all species and to enlist the support and cooperation of all persons and organizations interested in the increase of wild life, rather than confine the project merely to game. This to us indicates an intelligent and effective attack on a worth-while enterprise, a feasible, positive approach to making life more abundant in our vast nation with its abundant resources.

Days of Long Ago

WE ARE facing the threat of another competitor, this time from a quarter whence such perils seldom come. Daniel Defoe's own *Review*, which appeared fairly regularly three times a week from 1704 to 1713, was the first real periodical with a flare for "public affairs" and a hankering after journalistic virtue to appear in English. The author of Robinson Crusoe was, to be sure, not likely to die overhurriedly for any one of those minor convictions too often termed "principles." He sometimes changed his mind for a reason, and he frequently abandoned a political schooner when a better craft hove into view. For all these sins he has doubtless sizzled through what we hope was not too long a period of purgation. But Defoe had a most unusual nose for actuality—for the important issue, the sizzling bit of news, and the thing that was going to happen just before tomorrow morning. That nose was wedded to a style which, practised through many generations, became the incomparable medium of English journalistic prose. Consequently the *Review* is the most interesting of commentaries on the reign of the great Queen Anne. Its editorials are not always above suspicion—or indeed reproach—but they were at least always about something of moment.

ODDLY enough, anybody who sets out to read Defoe finds himself confronting a very difficult

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task. There are practically no perfect sets of the *Review,* and those which have been conserved are so rare that we are told of a student who had to ride two thousand miles in order to see one. Now comes an announcement from the Facsimile Text Society, of Columbia University, proposing a facsimile reprint of what are really twenty-two volumes. While we are indebted to the society for many other publications of great value (reprints, for example, of rare Donne, Watson and Poe books), we find it hard to think of any project more important than this. The reason is not merely that academic study will be aided. We are thinking quite specifically of journalism, which now needs badly the acquisition of a better historical knowledge of its own business. Unfortunately the Facsimile Text Society cannot go ahead unless it has proof of sufficient public interest to guarantee a small but necessary sale. We hope that what has been said here may help induce institutional libraries and other book-buying agencies to keep this "unfortune" from becoming misfortune by addressing a pointed letter to the society.

Dressmaking Note

IT WAS the French who fathered the saying that one must suffer to be beautiful. Yet it is the French who now put forth, in the name of one of their famous modistes, a device for having the fitting of dresses, and hence the suffering, done by proxy. A model is made of the would-be sufferer which embodies her essential measurements; and when she desires something smart and new in the way of raiment, she need only signify as much by long distance. The couturiere, working with the model, will send the finished product to madame without her having needed to promenade herself to the shop even for one little once. To us, we repeat, this has a weird ring. It is such an obvious solution of a difficulty that it would have been adopted long ago if there were not definite reasons against it. Nay, it *was* adopted long ago. Country dressmakers throughout our own fair land have worked for years with adjustable busts, yet the result has not been such as to challenge the great style galleries of Paris. The truth is, of course, that beauty and chic are not the result of well-fitting clothes merely, but of the adaptation, in an inspired artistic mood, of many imperceptibles of color, line, accessory, to a particular living personality. The French have really understood this. Their great dressmakers have worked from much the same basis as the portrait-painter. The model-fitter will be at best like an adequate photographer. Can the realistic and sagacious Gauls be doing this with their tongues in their cheeks, to placate *ces americaines,* who notoriously have more money than patience? Or are they, fatigued with triumph, losing the instinct for applied art in which for so long they have led the world?

LIQUOR AND THE PEOPLE

REPEAL has taken the liquor question away from the government and handed it back to the people. Which means that it has once more become a problem for the family, the doctor, the pastor and the individual. Incidentally it is a matter of business—of production, sale and control. We have consistently held that there are some laws which cannot be enforced, and that the attempt to jam them down the citizen's throat is both futile and harmful. Now we hold that there are some liberties which cannot be endured, and that the endeavor to make society stand for them is bound to be an injurious failure. No unenforceable law could vie with prohibition as a source of evil; no liberty, in all probability, can create so much havoc as freedom to drink.

This last fact no Catholic family, doctor, pastor or individual will deny. Of course there are worse crimes than drunkenness, but there is probably no other which has such important sociological consequences. During a hundred years prior to 1916, religion wrestled with the problem in this country, leaving no method untried which seemed to assure a measure of success. For the moment, this tradition of temperance promotion appears to be unpopular. But it will come back to life, simply because it has to come back to life. There is no evidence for an increase of the national sanity which would justify the assumption that debauchery is less likely to occur in 1940 than it did in 1840. Indeed, our elders were famed for sobriety of spirit, at least, if not in spirits.

Consequently what is done right now to produce a sensible attitude toward drinking will mean a great deal to the future. Right education alone can produce men and women—for in our society alcohol is as feminine as masculine—able to tell the difference between a drink and a drunk, and education takes time. Strictly speaking, total abstinence is not educational but remedial. It is an excellent practise for those who cannot otherwise avoid excess, and for those who for some reason wish to dispense with the stimulant. Thus a monk whose interior life would not be aided by indulgence in wine, or a physician whose nerves might to some extent be unsteadied by alcohol, rules such beverages out of his life. The normal human being is one who will, for good cause, find that drinking intelligently is to his advantage. Therefore he ought to be taught not to abstain but to use.

This is not easy and still not impossible. The vast majority of people in wine-growing and beer-producing countries learn. Their natural aptitude for this art is no greater than ours, and so far as one can find out, European universities have endowed no chairs in the subject. What happens is that the average person acquires, while scarcely

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realizing it, a very satisfactory education. He finds out what a grape is and what it will turn into. A bottle of wine comes up out of the cellar as naturally as an egg is fetched from the larder. People sit down and drink that bottle because it adds something which would otherwise be missing from the meal. No mystery, no abnormality anywhere. Just as no one would think of cramming down more food than his appetite called for, so no one would fancy that alcohol is a thing in which to swim. Of course you sometimes empty a bottle for its own sake, just as you might eat a pastry for its own sake. But an invitation to have a drink never degenerates into turning on a spigot. In short, against the background of knowing how to drink there is always one's own health, not to be measured in terms of calories and vitamins and chest expansion measurements but simply in how one feels.

We Americans can probably not depend upon our homes for this sort of training. The use of alcohol is with us hardly enough of a social habit to justify us in thinking that families can solve their own problems. Church and school will have to be impressed into service. It seems to us very particularly necessary that schools talk to the young about what drinking really means. The old whispering campaign—which sometimes broke out into a real educational howl—to the effect that all alcohol is poison must be stamped out. Youngsters must be taught what beer and wine are, where they come from, what effects they have and how human beings can make use of them. If you can persuade a whole nation to eat yeast cakes because they are healthful, surely you can persuade them to drink dry wines because they are healthful. Or beer. And when the nation has been so persuaded, it can be relied upon to wean itself gradually from other drinking which may cause no fatal injury but which certainly does no good. These educational methods must be positive. That is, they must avoid psychologically harmful negatives and stress good "sales talk."

Such a program needs the cooperation of social agencies. We are thinking first of all of what can be done by government. Appreciative though everyone must be of the achievement to date, some aspects of federal and state liquor legislation seem to us open to criticism. First, prices are too high, very especially in so far as wines are concerned. To ask the public to pay $1.25 for a bottle of very mediocre American chianti is worse than asking it to give $4 for a quart of poor "blended" whisky. There is no reason why such a profit should be demanded. Inquiries made in circles which have access to dependable information lead to the conclusion that the wine price above given should be no more than $.85, a fair lining for everybody's pocket included. The quotations on imported wines are exorbitant. The Bankers' Club may even yet be in a position to pay $3 for a liter of Niersteiner or Sauterne, but the middle-class public as such is ruled out. It turns naturally and not quite soberly to domestic gin, which costs $1.50 a bottle and does more damage.

Under such conditions, education in drinking is badly handicapped, though only by prices. Quite as bad are some aspects of the distributing system. It seems to have been imagined that if the saloon were kept from returning, the government's duty would have been done. But there is some doubt whether saloons would be immensely popular now if they did come back, and no doubt that the prohibition era taught people to drink by the bottle. To flaunt supplies of gin, whisky and rum at every corner grocery is certainly to afford every opportunity to run into temptation. What earthly difference is there between drinking in a saloon and carrying off a couple of bottles to a pool-room, where ginger ale and mineral water are plentiful? This system would no doubt be acceptable if the country as a whole were educated, and we far from wishing to hide every bottle of rum. But the social task of training young men and women in the right use of alcohol can hardly be expected to make much progress against the competition of inducements held out at every corner and in the nicest way.

Finally we believe very strongly in the restatement of traditional Christian points of view on this as on other subjects. The incalculable damage done by identifying religion with one-sided moral fanaticism is bad enough; the act of bowing to the will of a public bent on turning into a collection of old soaks would be almost worse. It is not that there is anything in Christianity to prohibit a man from drinking because "alcohol is bad for the liver." But there is plenty in it to free human beings from the desire to indulge the senses. It seems to us that the Protestant clergy of the country—for to them education in this matter must chiefly be entrusted—could help us all very much indeed if they returned, with more orthodoxy of doctrine, to the tradition of Emerson and Channing who once made America listen because they revealed something of the beauty and joy of the soul. If the average person became conscious of when the art of drinking is good for the soul and when it is not, the number of cases of cirrhosis would take care of themselves. For many years some churches were so busy watching the tipsy father reel home and beat his wife that they pretty well lost sight of the main issue. Now we must either come back to that or confess that the contribution of Protestantism to the liquor problem as stated at present will be worthless. Whether Catholics can do more is another question. But if we refrain from replying to it, the reason is not hopelessness. It is rather the expectation that someone will answer more capably than we could.

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RACE BETTERMENT

By JAMES J. WALSH

ON JANUARY 1, 1934, a law went into effect in Germany the purpose of which is to secure race improvement and the elimination of undesirable additions to the population through the sterilization of those afflicted with hereditary disease. The law is of special interest because it is a striking exemplification of utter neglect of personal rights and the exaggeration of the rights of the State. Special Hereditary Health Courts are created by this law which will hand down decisions with regard to "proposals for the sterilization of persons having such hereditary diseases as would according to medical experience result with great probability in offspring suffering from serious bodily or mental diseases." A chosen body of experts is to be specially trained so that they will be fitted particularly to sit on these courts. For this purpose they will be given special courses in hereditary biology and racial hygiene. Already many hundreds of practitioners in medicine have taken these courses in German university medical schools, and henceforth all doctors admitted to practise in Germany will have to furnish evidence of having passed examinations in them.

The German law is naturally very interesting to physicians the world over and has been the subject of comment in other countries and especially in England. The provisions of the law seem definitely to accept conclusions as to the heredity of certain diseases, with regard to which there is more than a little doubt in the minds of many physicians, and especially those who have paid closest attention to this subject of heredity. A striking instance of this may be noted in what the law terms hereditary epilepsy. Less than a generation ago there was thought to be a strong hereditary influence in epilepsy. During the past decade superintendents of institutions for epileptics and directors of epileptic colonies are pretty well agreed that recent advances in knowledge have minimized very much the heredity element in this disease, even to the point where there is qustion whether it exists or not. These men who see many hundreds of cases every year have a very definite right to an opinion in the matter. They declare that epilepsy is the result of something that occurs after conception and not before. If a mother while she is carrying develops some severe infectious disease such as typhoid or influenza and survives the birth of a child, the infant may suffer from epilepsy later in life, but that is not a question of heredity but of environment. Almost needless to say such epilepsy is not transmitted to the next generation though there was a very strong tendency to think so in the generation before ours.

How difficult may be the question of whether a disease is hereditary or not is very well illustrated by the experience of our own generation with regard to tuberculosis. At the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century practically all physicians were agreed as to the heredity of tuberculosis. Physicians were quite sure that consumption ran in families. When Koch discovered the tubercle bacillus, a number of distinguished physicians still dubious about the germ theory of the causation of disease declared that Koch's announcement demonstrated the falsity of the germ theory, since everyone was sure of the heredity of tuberculosis. The evidence for that opinion seemed complete. How many graveyards bore in enduring marble records of the carrying off of families, beginning with father or mother and then down through successive members as they grew into the susceptible early adult age! The evidence was considered inexpugnable at that time, yet tuberculosis is not the subject of inheritance, and the knowledge of its mild contagiousness has brought about a great reduction in mortality.

In the meantime because of their conviction that they were suffering from an hereditary disease inevitably connected with their family strain, a great many tuberculosis patients gave up hope and succumbed to the affection. Undoubtedly an immense amount of harm was done by the idea of the heredity of consumption though the opinion of physicians on the subject was nearly unanimous. Physicians still continue to be human and therefore will undoubtedly err, and how the Germans can hope to avoid mistakes of this kind under the administration of this new law is indeed hard to understand.

The very first affection named in the law, congenital feeblemindedness, demonstrates particularly how subject to abuse such laws can be. Feeblemindedness—*Schwachsinn* in German—has a much wider connotation in that language than the corresponding word in English. As a writer in the London *Lancet*, the representative English medical journal, said in commenting on this law, not a few of those who would be listed as feebleminded in Germany would be regarded as "retarded normals" in our classification. To quote further from the *Lancet*:

> It is not impossible that by Nazi fanatics persons who do not share their political views might be regarded as feebleminded in the wide German sense of the word.

Such a law can very readily be abused in its application to members of political parties who

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happen to disagree with those in control of the government and whose disagreement is the strongest evidence of their lack of intellectual capacity. Indeed already there has been question as to whether this law could not be so interpreted that Jews and non-Aryans generally, if they continued to live within the German republic, might not be made amenable to its provisions.

One very striking clause of the law provides that sufferers from severe alcoholism may be made the subject of sterilization on the principle that inebriety, that is a confirmed tendency to drunkenness, may by heredity be passed on to offspring. This subject was very much discussed here in America somewhat more than a generation ago, but more careful studies in heredity have done away with this conclusion. It is easy to understand, however, how open to serious abuse such a legal enactment could be. If an enemy were to be the judge, a man who had indulged a few times in spirituous liquor to noticeable hilarity might very well be accounted a sufferer from severe alcoholism and thus come under the sterilization provision of the law.

Certain safeguards in the law are supposed to protect those who come before the Eugenics Court from possible abuses but only a little study is needed to make it clear how inadequate such protection may easily be. Sterilization may be proposed by the official physician for the inmates of a hospital or similar institutions or by the director of a prison. Even such officials, however, are not gifted with infallibility and have been known to make serious mistakes. The court procedure before the Eugenics Court is not to be held in public. Physicians or experts and other witnesses are bound to give evidence when summoned before this court without being able to appeal to the protection afforded by professional secrecy. Almost needless to say this violates one of the most important laws for the protection of the relations between physicians and patients that long years of experience and unremitting professional effort have built up. Legal violation of it may easily lead to serious abuses. All the persons concerned with the case are bound to secrecy under penalty of imprisonment for a year or a fine. Such secrecy in court matters, however, has always worked out in doing harm rather than good.

The medical world will watch anxiously the result of this German legislation. It promises to illustrate the danger that is involved in the elimination of laws founded on long experience and their replacement by legislation supposed to be founded on modern science. Nothing proves so insubstantial at times as some of the supposedly scientific conclusions that are suggested for application to human affairs. There is a tendency to neglect or minimize certain of the inviolable rights of man in such legislation. A striking illustration of that is afforded by an opinion submitted by the Prussian Minister of Justice with regard to the new German medical code, according to which doctors will be free from responsibility for ending a patient's life when the patient is suffering from an incurable disease. The patient need only be examined by two doctors who declare his illness fatal, and express the wish to have an end put to his suffering, and the attending physician may take his life. How many records there are of patients given up by several physicians and yet living on, often in contentment and even satisfaction and accomplishment, for years after!

As belief in God has diminished in recent years there has been a definite tendency for men to substitute the State for God and to believe that whatever the State ordains must surely be right. It is interesting to note that the colonial colleges which educated the men who gave us the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States argued strenuously that there was a divine law and a natural law that had to be obeyed and that the State must not infringe these laws. Bertrand Russell in "The Scientific Outlook" says:

> Christianity emphasizes the importance of the individual soul and is not prepared to sanction the sacrifice of an honest man for the sake of some ulterior good to the majority. . . . The new ethic which is gradually growing in connection with scientific technique will have its eye upon society rather than upon the individual. It will be ruthless, and, according to traditional ideas, immoral, but the change will have come about naturally as the result of viewing society as a whole rather than as a collection of individuals.

Men who call themselves "liberals" have a very marked tendency at times to exhibit such lack of liberality in their views as narrows human rights and submits human conduct more and more to the subjection of the government.

To an Angel of the Live Coals

Abide with me, O infinitely dear,
Dear as the life even, stronger than death,
Whose touch eternally inspiriteth
The human heart, hallowing its joy or fear.

Thine was the loveliness of quelling hands
Imposed on chaos; thou laidst the stairs to heaven
That Jacob saw; psalmist and seer were given
Their deathless utterance at thy commands.

The very hammerings upon the Cross,
The jingle of Judas' coin, are tuned of thee,
As this, yea even this, my melody
Pleading within a song against thy loss
O infinitely dear, at lack of whom
This heart were lead, this body a tomb.

A. E. Johnson.

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CODES—AN EXPERIMENT

By ELMER MURPHY

During the past ten months we have witnessed a great extension of the executive power. Some have maintained that this has been done at too great a sacrifice of the power of the legislative branch, while others believe that the legislative branch had previously usurped too much power by the wholesale passage of mandatory laws. Mr. Murphy brings to the evaluation of these fundamentals a realistic sense of recent developments as well as a sound knowledge of the history and theory of government and business.—The Editors.

LIKE all enterprises of its magnitude, the new deal, as it passes from formula to fact, from the blue print stage to the stage of accomplishment, has encountered the unexpected. Some of the things it was intended to do have not been done and may never be done. At the same time, as it emerges from the mist of conjecture and implication, it is laying open possibilities of achievement which were foreseen only dimly, if at all, by the most prophetic of its sponsors.

What was undertaken as a great experiment in economics is gradually assuming the guise of quite as great an experiment in politics. Government by codes is beginning to brush elbows with government by statute. Problems of general welfare growing out of the technicalities of commercial and industrial practise, instead of being dumped into the congressional hopper for solution by the enactment of a law, are turned over to administrators who, with the help of the groups directly concerned, attempt to solve them by the much simpler and shorter method of formulating a regulation. By the side of congressional government is growing up another entirely new kind of government which not only supplements it but, in some respects, is beginning to take its place.

When the President was confronted with the necessity of maintaining some sort of federal control over the production and distribution of distilled liquors, in the wake of prohibition repeal, Congress was not at hand to enact legislation. The gap was bridged, temporarily, at least, by the adoption of codes which had much the same effect. One of the accusations made against the advanced "liberals" of the Department of Agriculture is that they are attempting to acquire through the medium of codes authority which ordinarily would be delegated to them by statute. Regulation of the sale of machine guns to prevent them from falling into the hands of racketeers was accomplished much more expeditiously and probably much more effectively by the adoption of a trade practise than it could have been accomplished by the enactment of a federal law.

Possibilities of the wider use of this device to meet many of the difficulties laid on the doorstep of a harassed and overburdened Congress are now appearing on the governmental horizon. The suggestion has been made that instead of turning over to 435 representatives and 96 senators the complicated task of welding railroads, highways and waterways into a single national transportation system, the same end might be achieved by the formulation of codes which would authorize and require the necessary degree of cooperation. Would it be wiser to have stock and commodity exchanges agree, with the sanction of administrators and the President, on practises that would safeguard the public interest than to place them in a legislative strait-jacket? Could the bankers of the country formulate standards of practise that would afford the depositor the assurance of reasonable security and meet public requirements without adding to the complications of a voluminous banking law? They have already gone a step in that direction by defining the principles applicable to trust institutions.

These are not fanciful questions. Administrative law, or government by regulation, has its foot in the door and is showing signs of crowding statutory law, or government by legislative enactment, for place. Signs of struggle are even now discernible. The American Federation of Labor, dissatisfied with code provisions fixing minimum wages and regulating conditions of employment, is threatening to renew its struggle for a statutory law establishing minimum wages for all crafts, skilled as well as unskilled, and restricting the work week to thirty hours. Congress, of course, is the original source of all legislative authority. It can make or unmake codes as it pleases, but whether it will enforce its decrees by compulsory legislation or rely in greater measure upon administrative agencies to do more of the chores of government—by composing differences, checking abuses and directing individual effort to social ends—is a very practical question which legislators are beginning to ask themselves and which will probably be the subject of not a little congressional oratory in the months immediately ahead.

The problem is not altogether new nor is it restricted to the United States. Democratic government the world over, especially since the war, has been confronted with a growing clamor for more laws. The more complex existence has become and the more closely social and economic relationships have become enmeshed, the more the habit of appealing to government for the adjustment of grievances which a *laissez-faire* régime did not dis-

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solve, has grown. The Sixty-fifth Congress enacted 508 laws and resolutions; the Seventy-first, 1,524, and the tide is still rising. In the twenty-six years beginning with 1906, state and national law-making bodies in the United States enacted or adopted 308,752 bills and resolutions.

The social and economic shake-up caused by the war added to the burden under which government was groaning. Legislative bodies began to look about for relief. The cumbersome political machinery democracy had devised, admirable as it might be for bringing popular opinion to focus on questions of broad national policy, was ill adapted to the regulating of widely diverse individual and group activities which had come to be regarded as bearing upon the public welfare or, as the lawyers would express it, were being clothed with a public interest. Legislators who could fathom public sentiment successfully enough to get themselves elected were not always qualified to pass upon problems of trade and industry which had edged into the line of government vision. The tasks they were elected to do were not only multiplying but becoming more intricate, and the administrative tools remained much the same. Statutes might have been effective as heavy artillery but they were too ponderous for use in running down individual miscreants and policing economic activities. Democratic government was organized on a wholesale basis but a retail service was demanded of it.

In various countries the situation was met in various ways. Great Britain, France and other European governments set up economic councils. These were mostly advisory and intended to supply the expert knowledge which government lacked, although Germany went a step further by giving the cartels official status to serve industrial rather than political ends. Italy went in the other direction, attempting to short-cut public administration by substituting government by decree for government by legislative enactment. Russia cut the knot by abolishing the latter altogether and setting up government by soviets or councils.

The United States experiments in the same field. It began by trying out commissions or bureaus, not with very much success. The Interstate Commerce Commission was the predecessor, if not the progenitor, of numerous bureaus which were given blanket authority to do a particular job of governing or regulating. But this was a change in practise only, legislative short-cutting by which the power of Congress to regulate activities was transferred within limits to a bureau chief. "Bureaucracy" was as arbitrary as Congress itself, and government by regulation did not differ substantially from government by statute. Both were imposed from above. Both were compulsory. Besides, "bureaucracy" was costly. Washington was filled with little governments, clustered about the congressional stem, which were more intent upon expanding their areas of sovereignty than in completing the jobs for which they were called into existence. The first of them, the Interstate Commerce Commission, not altogether through its own fault, has become an impressive departmentalized institution with 2,003 employees and all the marks that distinguish a government within government.

The first important step toward the setting up of group government, as a subsidiary to political government, was the establishment of the Federal Trade Commission. It was the beginning of the effort to grope a way out of the universal dilemma in which democratic systems of public administration, on the verge of becoming bogged down with a multiplicity of statutory laws, found themselves. But the commission was neither fish nor fowl. It tried, on the one hand, under the authority given it, to ferret out pernicious trade practises and abuses of which the public was the victim and stop them. On the other hand, it tried to encourage trade groups to set up, through the trade practise conference, their own rules which were to be an amplification of the law merchant.

Almost from the first this latter method of regulation by groups of their own affairs, with government sitting by to approve or disapprove as the public interest was favorably or unfavorably affected, collided with government by statute. The commission moved gingerly, but in every direction the shadow of the anti-trust laws fell across its path, and the Department of Justice threatened to invoke it in the prosecution of any and all individuals, whether they found favor in the eyes of the Federal Trade Commission or not. Members of industrial groups which had formulated trade practise rules had no assurance that the protection of the commission would keep them out of jail and the commission itself justified this lack of faith by withdrawing its approval of certain rules it had sanctioned.

In May, 1929, when the post-war boom was leading us to the dizzy heights from which we have since fallen, a former chairman of the commission, Nelson B. Gaskill, said:

> Under the law the commission's field is a narrow one. It is too narrow adequately to regulate and prescribe for the needs of industry; and the problem is to find a way by which industry can evolve and work out codes for itself with reasonable freedom from government regulation. What we want is as great a degree of individualism in business as is consistent with the public good.

Obviously, the code system as a vehicle for dealing with perplexing latter-day problems of government, did not spring full armed from the brains of the "brain trust," nor was it dropped unexpectedly in the lap of the public by the present administration. It has been in process of evolution over a period of years.

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But the present administration signed the interlocutory decree which freed the code or group system from the hampering bonds of statutory law and set it upon its own feet. Congress, in the Recovery Act, authorized the suspension of the anti-trust laws, which had prescribed unrestrained competition as a universal family remedy for all the ills of industry, to allow the NRA, with the cooperation of the industries themselves, to devise specifics for their particular ailments. It was virtually an acknowledgment that it would be better to treat minor indispositions at home than to call in the congressional doctor.

Up to this time attention was centered upon the condition of the particular patients, rather than upon the method of treatment. The purpose of the codes was to restore wholesome conditions of industry, to check abuses, such as the exploitation of labor, price-slashing and "chiseling," which were sapping its vitality. It does not appear to have occurred to many of the exponents of the new deal that, in this respect, it offered a way out of the legislative morass in which Congress was floundering. There are still those who believe that the sole purpose of the NRA was to help industry to its feet, not to provide a new method of solving problems involving a public interest with which it was the business of Congress to deal.

With the first tests made under "the great experiment," unforseen results have begun to appear. Group or code government has not cured all the ills of industry, but in its short period of trial, its efficacy in eliminating evils for which a remedy is sought ordinarily in the enactment of a law has been unexpectedly demonstrated.

The most conspicuous of these is the abolition of child labor. This problem has been before Congress for a generation or more. The resolution proposing a constitutional amendment has been before the states since 1924 and is still unratified. What years of agitation have failed to accomplish by the process of statutory government has been done by code government almost overnight.

The new method has been applied in other directions. Several codes contain provisions for the promotion of safety which are aimed at the protection of the public rather than at the betterment of the industry itself. The Hardwood Distillation Code, for example, provides that "where specifications for any products of the industry have been approved by the Public Health Service of the United States, by state or local authorities and agreed to by the Code Authority on behalf of the industry, no member of the industry shall sell such products in violation of such specifications." The Liquefied Gas Industry Code formulates a series of regulations to insure the safety of containers, and lays down the rule which prohibits the delivery of liquefied gas to buildings where proper installations have not been provided for its use.

The proposed construction code would require that in states where there are no laws regulating construction the rules laid down in the contractors' safety manual shall be observed. Most of the safety regulations in the codes stop short of state legislation, applying only in states where no regulatory laws have been enacted. In some cases national standards are set irrespective of state laws. The advantages of this group method of government by codes, by which industries set their own households in order, in relation to the public interest, are obvious. What was done by Congress and forty-eight state legislatures by the enactment of as many statutes, at times not only diverse but conflicting, is accomplished by a single trade practise formulated in a single code and applying uniformly throughout the United States.

The possibility that government by codes will relieve state legislatures of the task of passing a variety of laws dealing with the minutiae of industrial practise appears to be verging on fact. The same promise of release from the bondage of drafting statutes in response to public demands is also held out to Congress itself. The clamor for the creation of a federal commission to regulate the bituminous coal industry, which has persisted for several years, appears to have been stilled by the adoption of a code, with the acquiescence of the industry, which serves much the same purpose.

Already it is becoming evident that many of the minor wrinkles in the pattern of national social and economic existence can be ironed out without resorting to the slow, costly and sometimes dubious method of appealing to 531 legislators to determine how it is to be done, not to speak of many more legislators in the forty-eight states who might have a hand in the drafting of statutes to the same end. Government by codes offers a way of eradicating abuses at the source by those most competent to deal with them—abuses which affect the public as well as the industrial or trade groups in which they originate. It opens the door to cooperation by agreement as a substitute for compulsion by an ironclad statute. Finally, it holds out the hope that Congress may find it possible to restrict its deliberations to subjects of broad national policy for the consideration of which it was originally designed.

Lodestar

I turn my eager eyes to one—
Of all the stars of night.
It blazes fiercely as the sun
Before my dazzled sight.
My comrades tell of greater light
And beams where lightning rivers run
From stars to left and stars to right—
But I must look at only one.

KENTON KILMER.

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THE GREAT WHITE FRIEND

By WALTER R. HUDSON

IN THE year 1847 the directors of the Hudson Bay Company decided to extend their fur-trading operations into that unexplored territory which lay west of the Coppermine River. To lead the expedition which was to penetrate the new field, they chose a half-savage and restless little Scotchman by the name of Alexander Murray. The Scotchman invited a French priest by the name of Father Leflam to accompany him on the trip.

No two men could have offered a more confusing physical contrast. Nor a greater contrast in temperaments. Perhaps that was why they got along so nicely together. Certainly anyone coming upon the two clad in similar suits of fringed buckskin would have confused the priest with the explorer. Father Leflam ran true to the Breton type: big of stature, swarthy of skin, and strong of limb. Murray, whom one would expect to have been the swashbuckling type, was really so restrained in manner and bearing that he would not have seemed out of place in an abbey garden. But in the quick eyes of the giant Breton there lurked the soft gentleness of a lamb, and underneath the placidity of the little Scotchman all the ferociousness of a wildcat.

Everything was made ready for the expedition and, with the coming of the fall snows, the priest and Murray gathered together their little band of thirty Coppermine Indians and headed their dogs and toboggans westward from the shores of Hudson Bay, on what was probably one of the most remarkable land expeditions ever undertaken by a small group of men.

The party had a twofold objective: to open up new trading posts wherever possible and to cut into the Russian fur trade in Alaska. But to travel across all that unexplored territory between Hudson Bay and Alaska and then to drive the Russian traders back across Bering Straits was certainly a rather ambitious program for thirty-two men!

That winter the Barren Lands were crossed, and spring found the party on Great Slave Lake where several posts had already been established by factors of the company who had worked their way up from Vancouver. It was undoubtedly due to the advice given him by his colleagues at this place that Murray had added thirty more Indians to his party before he left Fort Chipewyan. Then he pushed on again over perhaps the hardest part of his journey. Fall saw the expedition at the mouth of the McKenzie River, and with the first ice they crossed the Range and founded what is still called Fort Yukon.

Here Murray found a trade war on between the natives and the Russian Fur Company. The sharp dealings of the Russians had prejudiced the Indians against all white traders to such an extent that Murray found himself not very welcome. It was here that Father Leflam stepped into the breach and proved himself invaluable in conciliating the natives. The relations which he effected became so cordial that a peace treaty was entered into between the Hudson Bay people and the Indians and a mission station was built inside the walls of the stockade. This was the first Catholic mission on the Yukon.

It was not until a number of years later that the Russian government found the ruling of Alaska an unprofitable job and sold the whole vast territory to the United States. When this happened, the hopes of the Hudson Bay Company went glimmering. The rights of the Russian Fur Company passed a few months later into the hands of Louis Sloss, who was one of the pioneer fur traders of the United States. Sloss was the first United States white citizen to trade in the interior of Alaska. He formed the Alaska Commercial Company which is now called the Northern Commercial Company.

When news of this reached Fort Yukon, Murray decided to abandon Alaska. Sooner than allow his forts to come into possession of the new interests, he bitterly burned every one of them. Then he retreated up the Porcupine River to the international boundary, where he built Fort Rampart.

Murray left, disappointed and embittered. But Father Leflam stayed. He had worked too hard and too long, he said, converting those Indians to the Church. So he stubbornly held out in his refusal to abandon them now to what meant an inevitable relapse into paganism. For during those years when his friend, the small, wild Scotchman, had been fighting and trading and wringing out his measure of success, Father Leflam had also been busy. During those years when Murray had been steadily beating back all early resistance and slowly adding buildings to the little settlement, Father Leflam also had been building. He had been going, during all those years, on missions up to Tanana, Kuyokuk, and upper Yukon. And he had done his work well. The results showed that.

He had done his work well but quietly. He had done it, above all, very systematically. When he had first come into the country he had realized the handicaps with which so many dialects confronted him. He had remedied this by teaching the natives the Chinook "language." This was originated by the Hudson Bay Company to help

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simplify their trading with the different tribes. The "language" consists of about three hundred and fifty words, and its simplicity as a medium of conversation stood Father Leflam in such good stead that he was enabled to build and maintain four different mission stations in the interior of Alaska.

One cannot understand the remarkable work accomplished by this man unless one realizes how wild and unexplored his field was. There was no such thing as a map of the country (in the sense that we understand it today), and at that time even in our own United States the land west of the Missouri was still unexplored territory.

Even living in the country, where Father Leflam was, required no little courage. A few pounds of salt was considered a luxury. Willow bark burnt over a campfire served as tobacco, while *babech* and *sourdock* were used for tea. It was not until the coming of the American traders that such commodities as rice, flour and beans could be had at any price. One does not know how hard it is for a white man to live for months at a time on a diet of nothing but caribou or bear meat flavored with a little salt. But there were months and months when the priest and his fellows up there had nothing else. You may be sure that they were glad when the rivers lowered enough to enable them to vary their diet with salmon or grayling, speared or caught with a hook made from the leg bone of a ptarmigan.

The good work that this great kindly priest (and many others that the world will never know about) was doing up there was not known to Americans until some time after the purchase of Alaska by our country.

And then one day there ascended the Yukon, in an old steam scow of his own construction, a certain Captain Peterson who was trading in the employ of the Alaska Commercial Company. Peterson burst unexpectedly into view of the little settlement clustering around the mission and was so amazed at the number of small cabins that he thought he must have stumbled into British territory. As free traders were not tolerated by the Hudson Bay factors, he let his scow drift quietly back down stream in the hope that he had been unobserved. But he had been seen and he was quickly overtaken by a flotilla of canoes and invited back to the settlement. It was not long before amicable relations had been established between him and the natives with Father Leflam. So impressed was Peterson with the location that he built a large trading post there. Fort Yukon has the distinction of being the first United States trading post built in the Arctic Circle.

Peterson did more than build a trading post. It was not long before the missionary had won him over so completely that he and his crew added to the settlement a new and larger mission station which they gave over to Leflam, the pioneer priest who had converted so many Indians from a state of pagan savagery to a much higher plane of civilization than that of the natives of the North even today.

Those poor Indians! They had a pretty hard time of it. In matters of trade they were always handicapped. Tobacco was sold to them by the leaf; tea and flour went by the scoop (not much larger than a teacup). The leaf of tobacco brought a martin skin; pelts were often bought from them for a dozen or so brightly colored beads. A bright steel hunting knife purchased as many as ten mink skins.

One wonders, perhaps, why the Hudson Bay trading muskets had such long barrels. Or any of the muskets for that matter. It was quite intentional, for the price of them was always a pile of furs which reached exactly to the top of the barrel. The trader held the gun butt downward while the native piled his furs beside it until they reached the top! Then the deal was closed.

In these transactions Father Leflam always stood by the Indian. They were his people and he saw to it as much as possible that they got a fair deal. The natives came to look upon him as a protector in their trading, and even the traders generally respected his decisions when he acted as arbitrator. They had to, because they realized how solidly he stood with the natives.

Years later, when I came to Alaska during the great Klondike gold rush, Father Leflam was only a memory. But he was a memory built to endure. Stories of his personal sacrifice and his countless acts of justice and heroism were still going their rounds among the old settlers and the newer missionaries. No one could forget him.

I wondered how Father Leflam had died and where he was buried. But no one seemed able to tell me. I drifted about here and there, picking up little ends of the story and trying to tie together the thread of his life. It seemed impossible to find out anything definite about his last days. He had become lost, various factors told me, just swallowed up in some mysterious manner by the country's expansiveness.

This didn't satisfy me. Even in Alaska it is pretty hard for a man who has had an active contact with other men to become entirely lost. I determined to get at the bottom of it, if it took me a year, or more than that. I was footloose and time meant nothing to me when once I had given my heart to a thing. And I had given my heart to Father Leflam.

One day I ran across the very man I thought could help me. He was a grandson of the wild Scotchman Murray with whom Leflam had gone into the Yukon. Malcolm Murray and I visited Captain Peterson, who was now quietly rounding

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out his last years at Andreoski. But, although Peterson gave me much of the story of the priest's life, he, too, knew nothing about his death other than that he had disappeared during a visit to Tramway Bar on the Kuyokuk River.

Was it chance, I wonder, that guided me to the cabin of Nap-E-Tuk, that one-hundred-year-old chieftain of the Chandlar Indians? I like to think it was not.

Nap-E-Tuk received me as a brother. He was always happy at the chance of talking over old times. He sighed for those days—days when a winter's trapping might be sold for a bottle of Russian vodka and the traders often stripped the natives so clean that they had a hard time keeping alive. Those were hard days, but the old chief's eyes lighted up and his face beamed with pleasure as he told me of his exploits (he talked proudly of his own prowess on several occasions but then I didn't mind the digressions as they gave him so much pleasure) and of his endurance in surviving the age. And finally he came to my point. The smile was gone from his face now and his features tightened into reverence and sadness as he told me that Father Leflam had died on the north fork of the Chandlar on his way to visit some sick trappers and natives. The body had been brought back by the Indians to Fort Yukon and buried there in the little cemetery without the knowledge of the white settlers. Father Leflam belonged to them, the Indians felt, and they decided to guard their secret. And they had—jealously and carefully.

There is but one thing more to tell. But I believe that it is important. That summer I visited Father Leflam's grave. I like to think of that visit now. In this age when people are so wont to brag of their own accomplishments, I like to think of that lonely little cemetery just about seven hundred feet into the Arctic Circle, where are the graves of gallant men and adventurers who had repudiated so many of the comforts of civilization without hope of reward. As I looked at the graves of those sleeping there under that little tangle of birch and spruce, my eye caught sight of a rough post set as a marker over the last station of Father Leflam. Burnt deeply into the post were the Indian words, *Dingie-Sol-Nil.* Those words translated from the dialect mean simply Great White Friend. No greater tribute could be paid any man, for those words had come deep from the souls of those Chandlar Indians, deep from the souls of a people whose highest conception of greatness, and nobility, and loyalty, is interpreted in terms of friendship.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY

By JOHN TRACY ELLIS

AT A TIME when the attention of the Catholic world has been turned so forcefully upon the pronouncements of recent Popes concerning the social order, when Pius XI in his "Quadragesimo Anno" encyclical recalled so strikingly the contribution made by Pope Leo XIII over forty years ago to sound thinking in the social sciences, one likes to remember that Leo did as much in his day for other fields of investigation. The year 1933, filled with the memory of a number of important anniversaries, was also the golden anniversary of the issuance of Pope Leo XIII's "De studiis historicis," his memorable letter on historical studies, which was addressed to Cardinals Pitra, de Luca, and Hergenroether, three men distinguished by their historical writings and study. Leo's letter bore the date of August 18, 1883.

Pained and justly outraged by the insults which had been heaped upon the Holy See in the early years of his pontificate, when the government of the newly united Italy was at such bitter odds with the Vatican, and anti-papal feeling likewise ran high in the government of Bismarck's German Empire, Pope Leo sought to employ the weapon of history in defense of the Church. As he said in his letter:

> The authentic records of history, when considered with a mind calm and freed from prejudices, are in themselves a magnificent and spontaneous apology for the Church and the Pontificate.

The Pope fully realized how powerful a medium history offered for the dissemination of false views and prejudiced interpretations of the Church's past. To the mind of Leo it represented one of the most effective methods of attack upon her, and he intended that the Church should not be wanting in materials to meet the assault. As he remarks:

> For, as We have already said, since her enemies have recourse above all to history for their weapons, the Church must needs be equally armed for the fray, and wherever the attack is most violent, repel the assault with redoubled energy.

In the course of the letter on historical studies the Pontiff proceeded to outline his philosophy of history and to explain how he considered history should be written. In no pronouncement of Leo XIII did his generosity and breadth of intellect and his devotion to the cause of scientific truth stand out to greater advantage. He laid down the laws of history in lucid language:

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> The first law of history is to dread uttering falsehood; the next, not to fear stating the truth; lastly, that the historian's writings should be open to no suspicion of partiality or of animosity.

From the day Leo's letter appeared it has, and must ever remain, the *vade mecum* of the Catholic historian. The Pope was unafraid of the secrets and scandals of the Church which might be brought to light through historical research. His summary of the case was no mere idealistic statement of theory, for in that same letter he confirmed his intention to the historical world, through the cardinals whom he was addressing, of performing a truly notable event in the evolution of historical science, the opening to scholars of the priceless manuscript and documentary treasures of the Vatican Archives:

> With this object, We have already resolved in the interests of religion and science, to allow the use as far as possible of Our archives. We again declare today that Our Vatican Library shall furnish the necessary material for the prosecution of the historical labors We have alluded to.

Thus with the opening of one of the richest depositories of historical information amongst the libraries of the world, historians found their task greatly lightened and benefited. It was at this time that, to mention only one of the best known, Professor Ludwig Von Pastor of the University of Innsbruck, began his prolonged labors in the Vatican Archives on his excellent "History of the Popes." And when the learned Pastor presented his first volume to his benefactor, Leo wrote him on January 20, 1887, in congratulation of the event in which he expressed his pleasure:

> From this first volume of your labors, for which indeed We see that the approbation of able men has not been wanting, one can predict the excellence of the rest. We would exhort you to interpret the rest with all speed, except for the fact that We have known that you, already hastening of your own choice, evidently need no exhortation.

The standard set by Pastor was high, and it earned for him the approval not only of the Pope but of the strictest school of historical criticism. Through the materials which Leo's opening of the Vatican Archives brought to his hand, he was able to lay bare the full panorama of papal history in one of its most troubled periods, the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. Thereby false interpretations, such as those given to the period by Leopold Von Ranke met correction. Moreover Pastor's task won emulation and there followed him into the Vatican Archives a steady stream of historical scholars who have not ceased to employ its treasures for the writing of the history of the Church during the past half century. To mention only one other, Monsignor Horace K. Mann, Rector of the Beda College, found easy access to the best prime sources there for his extended "Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages."

Those who enjoy an acquaintance with the works of Catholic historians such as Pastor will bear witness to the fact that the searching eye of the Austrian scholar and his followers did not allow scandals in the lives of high ecclesiastics, evil practises in the Papal Curia, and the evidences of worldly greed and shady diplomacy in its policies, to escape detection and exposition when they felt the revelation of those facts was necessary to the portrayal of a complete picture of the age with which they were dealing. But such handling of the history of the Church and her human agents met with the full approbation of the great Pope who had made possible Pastor's work. For Leo's solicitude for the accurate and scientific prosecution of historical studies did not die with the writing of his letter of 1883. Sixteen years later, in an encyclical addressed to the French bishops in 1899, he returned to the subject, and emphasized the scrupulous honesty which should be observed by historians. On this occasion he remarked:

> God does not want our lies. The historian will be all the better able to manifest the Church's divine origin, so far transcending all that is purely terrestrial and natural, in proportion as he is faithful to keep back nothing of the trials which she has had to experience in the course of the ages through the frailty of her children, and sometimes even of her ministers. Studied in this fashion, the history of the Church in itself affords a splendid and conclusive proof of the truth and divinity of Christianity.

Such is the spirit in which Leo XIII would have history written. The Catholic historian, therefore, who has urged the telling of the full and complete story of the Church's past, her periods of depression and dejection as well as the eras of her triumphs, the scandal and worldly vice of some of her ecclesiastics as well as the virtues of most of her churchmen, has only fulfilled the mandate given by Leo fifty years ago. The Pope's advocacy of the bold and unvarnished truth found an echo in another lofty mind of his day, for in the pages of Cardinal Newman's essay on Saint John Chrysostom in his "Historical Sketches," speaking of the inclination of some in writing history to conceal the truth for fear of giving scandal, he says:

> I mean the endemic perennial fidget which possesses us about giving scandal; facts are omitted in great histories, or glosses are put upon memorable acts, because they are thought not edifying, whereas of all scandals such omissions, such glosses, are the greatest.

As Leo XIII opened the Vatican Archives to the historians of the world and thereby gave a fine impetus to historical research, particularly in Catholic history, so the present Holy Father, who

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has been likened by many to Leo, has continued that tradition and service to scholarship, and even taken steps to increase the usefulness of the Vatican materials by causing the systematic cataloguing of all the works in the Library in accordance with the methods of the latest scientific procedure. However, the day is far distant when this task will have been completed, since Monsignor Tisserant, Vice Prefect of the Vatican Library, announced at the recent meeting of the American Library Association in Chicago, that it would not be finished for forty years. Scholars nevertheless are of necessity patient men, and what the historians of our day will not have time to do will be rendered the easier for those of the coming generation.

Fifty golden years have passed since the issuance of Leo XIII's letter on historical studies and the opening of the Vatican Archives, years filled with the accomplishments for historical science such as the Pontiff anticipated in his generous act. His expectations of a half century ago are coming to fruition in a day when religious prejudice, political bias and national hatred are playing less of a leading rôle in the writing of history than was true in the day when Leo issued his letter.

THE BASTILLE IS IN PARIS

By LOUIS GOLDING

I WOULD have spent this spring in Berlin in a hotel on the Kurfürstendam, but for a reason I need not analyze too closely, I did not. Instead, I spent it in a hotel on the Champs Elysées, in Paris. I was working very hard on a new book, and my chief diversion was to watch the way a large, lovely, solid chestnut-tree delivered itself from the bondage of winter, married itself to spring, and handed itself over, bough, leaf and blossom, into the care of summer. You don't know how exciting a tree can be until you study it, that tree and that tree only, from hour to hour, from month to month, of a whole springtime. I can't make out which was the more exciting, the sudden breaking of the bud into leaf, or the shut blossom into flower. But I know they were both like freedom uttering a trumpet call—a call that rang all the way across Paris, from the Avenue de la République, along to the Place de la Concorde, till it reverberated up the Champs Elysées to my hotel window under the very shadow of the Arc de Triomphe:

"The Bastille is fallen! The Bastille is fallen! The Bastille is fallen!"

I am going to make a confession. Do you know, I had forgotten that the Bastille is in Paris? I had begun to think in a hazy sort of way it was in Berlin. From the end of the war, until only the other day, in March of this year, you walked along the streets of Berlin, twirling your walking stick, and expanding your lungs, and humming a care-free song. You said to yourself: "This is the country in which they overthrew a rigid military system and an arrogant autocracy. This is the city where you can paint what you like, act what you like. This is freedom's city; it was here, surely, where they razed the Bastille to the ground, only its real name, doubtless, was Das Grosse Bastilhaus."

And then one or two little things happened in Germany, of which you will have heard. And I, for my part, went to Paris. And there, I repeat, I saw a chestnut-tree deliver itself from tyranny. I saw it raise high the banners of freedom. I said to myself "Ungrateful that I am! How can I have forgotten! The Bastille is in Paris. The French Revolution was achieved in France!"

Let me now try to simplify this brief record of my emotion. I must say I didn't spend quite all my time writing at my table, or watching the leaves of the chestnut-tree unfold. I went out for a walk occasionally, by the Seine, or among the nursemaids and silver birches of the Bois de Boulogne. I sat down at a café now and again, and ordered a vermouth-cassis. And my nostrils sniffed with delight the odor of freedom, which henceforth will be indissociable for me from the odor of chestnut leaves in the warm sun.

I mean that people looked free, felt free, and spoke freely. They did all these things, I realized, because freedom had become part of their blood, because it was precisely in this country and in no other, that the world's greatest revolution had broken out nearly a century and a half ago. I can't tell you how it charmed me to see the woman of society wearing the revolutionary vivandière's hat on her smart little head, by one of those deep-rooted impulses of fashion by which it subconsciously identifies itself in certain crises with certain profound spiritual impulses.

The point was that you were free to say everything you wanted to say in French, or Italian, or English, or Danish, or whatever language came freely to you. You could say it in German, too. And thousands upon thousands of people were saying it in German. On the Grands Boulevards, in Montparnasse, at the Parc Monceau, you seemed to hear more German than French. And it wasn't only the poor refugees who were talking German. It was the straightforward German visitors, agents, magnates, film stars—prosperous ladies and gentlemen who in no way sought to dissociate themselves from the somewhat energetic performances of their government, which were being reported from day to day in all the newspapers. Their compatriots were occupying dismantled forts on the Rhine and singing quite violent songs during the process. Now and again a Frenchman was beaten up there, or actually thrown into prison, merely because he was talking French—even though his passport was thoroughly in order.

Yet, these Frenchmen in Paris never betrayed any resentment by a glance or a gesture. They could not help demonstrating that in their own country, a man or a woman shall be free to be wholly himself.

A young man and a young woman were sitting in the back of a bus. It was not a nice bus, but they were a very nice young man and woman. They were making love to each other, with that strange combination of innocence and adroitness which is the unique endowment of French lovers. In Germany, even before the

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events of this spring, the couple would have been asked if they had been to the Town Hall to get an *Erlaubnis*, a permit, for kissing each other in public. Now, of course, they would have stood in serious danger of being carted off to a concentration camp. According to the new dispensation, woman has no place in the law court, in the office, in the university. There is no place like home for her. There is no place but home for her. There she can stir the soup, and have babies.

If that had been an English bus, nothing drastic would have happened to the young couple. But we would all have blushed violently, and looked the other way—at the same time, somewhat illogically, pretending that nothing was going on at all. But this was Paris, where the Bastille fell. And overcoming my temptation to be shocked and uncomfortable, I looked at the young people out of the corner of my eye. There was nothing vulgar or unesthetic in their behavior. They were behaving like people who would allow other people, and expected to be allowed themselves, to be free, to be free as my chestnut tree was allowed to be free to put forth its leaf and blossom.

You know, perhaps, that during this part of the year, the merchants who sell their wares in this street or in that street, combine to organize a Fair. They make their street gay with bunting and paintings on the walls, and life-size papier-mâché figures leaning from the roofs and looking out of windows. The merchants, themselves, put on funny noses and beards and masks and comic hats. And they blow striped trumpets and there is a great swilling of ice-cream and cracking of monkey-nuts. And everybody buys a lot more than they would normally. But that is quite definitely not the point they are after. They ask, these grave merchants, for the freedom to be very young and very silly again. And they get it. And the hurdy-gurdies play all day, and all night, celebrating the triumph of folly and freedom, the fall of the Bastille.

Can you conceive the merchants of Regent Street or Park Avenue getting together and wearing tiny sailors' hats and Charlie Chaplin mustaches, in order to give trade a fillip during a depression? Between you and me, I doubt it. Not while the Albert Memorial lifts its finger respectably to heaven.

Apology

I could not summon sleep
  And scarcely could I pray,
Within my side the thorn
  That pierced your pride today.

Sometimes a fragile word
  A friendship breaks or seals:
Who knows the word that hurts
  Must know its twin that heals.

The heart whose god is God,
  Though it has many foes,
Is kept by friendly thorns
  More upright than a rose.

SISTER MIRIAM.

MEDICAL MISSIONS

By PALUEL J. FLAGG

THE CATHOLIC missionary has been called a man who attempts the impossible and accomplishes it. As an observer of these missionaries, it has been my ambition to do something to bring medical help to them. Contacts made with these laborers in the field afar, during the last twenty years, have served to crystallize a number of viewpoints.

First of all, it is common pastoral experience, that help given to the missions from a particular parish promptly gives manifold returns. The explanation of this is natural as well as spiritual. The missionary presents an ideal. To renounce all—family, friends and race—is no small thing. The demonstration of such renunciation having taken place in a parish, the spirit of emulation is lit. The observer reflects, I cannot equal this sacrifice but I will do what I can.

Be it observed that this achievement of the ideal of renunciation is not confined to a single sphere of activity; it has the broad field of Catholic Action in which to operate, specifically Catholic Action within the medical profession. The physician from the field afar has always had an honored place in medical circles. If we cannot go to China, to Korea or to Alaska, we can grasp the hand of the man who goes. We can keep him in our minds and in our prayers.

If you are attracted to the practise of charity free from ostentation, and were to ask me where to find available channels of service at your command, I should make the following suggestions.

If you wish to be kind, to be neighborly, to seek out those suffering misfortune and to relieve this with your own hand, if you cherish the look, the tone of voice, the handclasp of gratitude in return for what you have done, join that quiet, effective band of workers, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

If your spirit seeks the romance of a charity which your imagination alone may bring to you—the missions are calling you. For this service you will receive no natural reward. You will never hear or see or feel the contact of those you help. When you are through, when your work is done, there will be no golden reward of your work for your friends to see. It is all accomplished impersonally, as well as efficiently.

For example, a missionary priest in Alaska wrote to a physician who is a member of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, asking how to care for an Eskimo girl suffering from epileptic seizures. The inquiry passed through the hands of the late Dr. Bernard McGrath, Dean of Marquette, and from thence was referred to the proper authorities at the Mayo Clinic.

The Catholic Medical Mission Board, established by the Catholic Hopsital Association in 1924, has under the zealous direction of Father Edward F. Garesché, S.J., assisted by five Sisters of the Society of the Atonement, accomplished much to make the needs of the missions generally known.

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Two houses have been acquired in New York City, at 8 and 10 West 17th Street. From this location donations of drugs and equipment are forwarded to needy missions. During 1932, 35,000 pounds of medical supplies contained in 400 cases were sent to 18 mission centers in the United States and to 132 foreign mission stations. Home missions included shipments to Arizona, Nebraska, South Dakota, New Mexico and California. Foreign missions located in China, Korea, South Sea Islands, Philippines, Manchuria, Papua, India and British Honduras were also served.

By the help of special funds, given for the purpose, the board was enabled to support a physician in India and a nurse and two social workers in Puerto Rico. Some 2,000 instruments, quantities of standard drugs such as iodine and aspirin, absorbent cotton and surgical gauze in the form of bandages and dressings were sent out to the missions. Forty-five medical kits and twenty surgical kits were sent to home and foreign missions.

A successful Medical Mission Course was organized and held, providing instruction to members of five communities about to send missionaries to the field.

The physician, however, is essential to the rational care of the sick. The dispensing of drugs and equipment is quite secondary to the intelligent use thereof. And experience has shown that the European and the American physician sent to the Far East can no more solve the problem of medical missions than can the missionary priest solve the problem of evangelization; all that can be done is to start an indigeneous profession and an indigeneous priesthood in those mission countries, which in God's good time will leaven the whole.

The chief task is to educate the oriental in the basic principles of western medicine. That he is receptive, that he is capable of assimilating such learning, has been demonstrated in other fields. That he is infinitely better equipped than the foreigner to deal with his people is beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The setting up of the machinery whereby Catholic native students will be trained in western medicine, and one hundred will graduate yearly from these medical schools, seems an impossible task. But it is a task for this generation to undertake. A fund of $1,000,000 would finance the approximate cost of from $40,000 to $50,000 required annually to operate such an activity. Such a fund would gradually become available if 1,000 Catholic physicians, or others interested in this cause, carried and bequeathed an insurance of $1,000 for this purpose. This amount carried as term insurance would not cost much more than $10 a year. In other words, this committee of 1,000 might in one generation bring the Catholic physician to China. In the spirit of the missionary, the impossible might be accomplished.

Each of us has a hobby, a pet activity. It may be outdoor recreation or some indoor pastime; each has its place and its need. But it is the things of the spirit that have a permanent attraction, and as we are drawn more closely to them, we begin to understand Dante's gracious invitation: "Turn to that love which hath the right perfume."

COMMUNICATIONS

ECONOMICS AND ETHICS

Wilson, Pa.

TO the Editor: On an evening of last week there met in a Pittsburgh club a group of gentlemen, assembled to consider our country's progress under NRA and kindred anti-depression devices.

Although their discussion disclosed much of value to an appraisal of these national efforts, my purpose here is to call attention to something else they touched on, something that should be of concern to Catholics the country over. That something is the Catholic Tory. What's to be done about him? It appears that he is fairly prevalent. A number of him infest Pittsburgh and environs. There as elsewhere his pose is to stand aloof. Any effort at economic rehabilitation that accepts an important departure from the rugged individualism he has found so much to his taste wins from him only a jaundiced stare. Any hand dealt in our recovery game carrying the dread possibility that capital and labor shall at length have an even break, that our Tory may not hold all the aces nor mark the deck, is saluted with his anguished bleat.

Perhaps an estimate of him by Pittsburgh Catholics may be timely.

Since the group first mentioned above included priests, social workers, university professors and undergraduates, lawyers, engineers, an editor and some contributors to national periodicals, as well as manufacturers, executives and industrial employees, its crystallized opinion may be taken as a fair cross-section of Pittsburgh's Catholic mind. Members all of the Catholic League for Social Justice, they were especially concerned with an estimation of the Catholic part in such recovery progress as has been made, a part which is, happily enough, no small one. Discussion became brisk, animated.

Presently there came a commendatory reference to the Right Reverend John A. Ryan, a word of praise for his valiant service to the Catholic cause in connection with the social encyclicals. The remark prompted a gentleman to call attention to a communication in THE COMMONWEAL for October 27, an epistle captioned "Economics and Ethics" which appeared over the signature of one M. H. Sweeney of Pittsburgh. Some had read it; others had not. For the benefit of the latter it was read aloud. Patently it was from the pen of a Catholic Tory; one who ventured a petulant criticism of the learned Dr. Ryan whom he rightly but sulkily classed with "many other Catholic economists and sociologists" who accept national trade unions as the nearest practical approach in America to the Pope's call for workmen's associations.

But, who was M. H. Sweeney? Who was this die-hard defender of laissez-faire, of the eat-your-cake-and-have-it-too school? So full of dicta he seemed and withal so bare of supporting proof. None seemed to know.

Manifestly, said one, he had small acquaintance with the Leonine encyclical on the condition of labor, else he had not fallen into the absurdity of criticizing Dr. Ryan's choice of the regular national unions as the best exemplars

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of the workmen's associations treated in "Rerum Novarum." Did he name another workmen's association in line with the Pope's specifications? He did not. He merely contradicted Dr. Ryan and then proceeded to other and equally footless charges anent an alleged lack of discipline in "regular" national unions.

"Surely," another exclaimed, "he cannot be attempting a defense of 'company unions' as workmen's associations in the Leonine sense!"

"Apparently he is doing just that," chimed in a third. "You notice, of course, that he drags in a reference to the shrewdly engineered 'wildcat strikes,' those Communist-led forlorn hopes made to order, apparently, for the 'captive mine' owners. By the way," the speaker continued, "use of those 'wildcat' incidents to discredit national unions is now a standard part of 'company union' propaganda. May I ask if anyone here knows who financed the 'wildcat' strikes M. H. Sweeney mentions?" Nobody knew.

"Perhaps Mr. Sweeney knows," suggested Mr. A. "He seems to be cock-sure about so many things nobody else knows, like his 'regular union leaders have absolutely no control over the men in their own unions.'"

"It seems to me," came the soft voice of young Mr. B, a student, "that Mr. Sweeney was ill-advised to attempt to interpret Leo without at least a nodding acquaintance with Pius's letter on the social order. There he might have learned that, where Catholic trade unions are lacking, the Pope agrees that Catholic workmen '. . . have no choice but to enroll themselves in neutral trade unions.' And I expect that even the Sweeney astuteness would be overtaxed in an attempt to prove 'company unions' neutral."

Discussion of the Sweeney critique waned. But presently Mr. C, who had been rereading the attack, said in a pause: "I marvel that none of you has identified the author of that letter. For my part I am satisfied that I know him. I am sure I have placed him—just as sure as I am that he is not *Mister* Sweeney."

Mr. C's remarks electrified the group. Who was he? Who was she? Did they know him—her? Was he—she—a Pittsburgher? To all of these queries Mr. C vouchsafed only a smiling shake of the head. "Mr. Sweeney," he said, "rarely submits his Tory views for publication—over his own name. He has that saving grace; or is it prudence? I feel certain that the Sweeney of this gem would shrink from disclosing his or her identity if pointedly asked to do so."

"You say 'or her.' Is the writer a woman, then?" asked Mr. D.

"The actual writer of the letter may have been either a man or a woman," returned Mr. C. "The Sweeney thoughts are by times putatively those set down by the one or the other. But the real author is always 'Sweeney.'

"Now," continued Mr. C, earnestly, "I have said so much because I am concerned that Pittsburgh Catholics shall at length refute the commonly accepted falsehood that theirs is a city of Babbitts, of rank materialists. I think that that fiction was started by O. Henry. I know it is now widely accepted, tirelessly diffused as it is by our precious 'Sweeneys.' I want to see it finally and definitely given the lie.

"The 'Sweeney,'" he went on, warming to his theme, "is not representative of the best nor even of the most widely accepted thought in Pittsburgh. This you know. He speaks for and to a little coterie of selfish Catholics who are ever seeking to justify their obstinate refusal to accept their religion as it is. Saturated with sophistry, they are fond of assuring one another that the Pope doesn't really mean what he says, that there is no sinister meaning for them in the parable of the camel and the needle's eye, that if changes must be made in the old economic order they should in all decency be minor and trivial ones, none of your tiresome rot about letting workmen fashion their economic destiny unhindered.

"In short, our 'Sweeneyites' are the embodiment of greed and worldliness—and 'Sweeney' is their prophet."

Mr. C finished, and there ensued a slight but heavily charged pause.

Then, clearing his throat, Mr. E spoke. "Mr. Chairman, I move that you send a communication covering this discussion to THE COMMONWEAL to insure that this group 'tell it to Sweeney' precisely where he himself was brash enough to talk. Let the communication make it clear that these Pittsburghers here assembled rebuke M. H. Sweeney for the Dr. Ryan criticism, and that they bluntly ask him to identify himself, publicly and unequivocally, giving a bona fide address."

The motion was carried unanimously. The names of the eighteen gentlemen who voted the above are of record and available should need for them arise.

Finally, this writer, as chairman of the group, has here undertaken to discharge his obligation in the matter.

J. B. KELLER.

CONCERNING GREGORIAN CHANT

Maria Laach, Germany.

TO the Editor: Father Ludwig Bonvin's rejoinder (in the December 1 issue of THE COMMONWEAL) to my critique of his earlier article, again avoids the issue. Taking refuge under cover of the technical defects seen by the professional musician in Gregorian chant is not going to explain to us why Gregorian is *de facto* popular and greatly cherished by a large number of people, as a form of sacred musical expression. For the sake of argument we can agree with all his strictures, and still be faced with the concrete fact that the chant is now being successfully and edifyingly sung in many circles, is still obviously the method most in conformity with the mind of the Church for the lifting up of our hearts and minds in divine worship to praise the Lord. Hence I submit that the logical way to find out why it has not yet become universally popular, would be to see whether the reasons for its actual popularity in the circles referred to, are not universally applicable.

My contention was, and remains, that they are so applicable: that the solution lies in looking upon chant less as a form of music than as a form of prayer, as a by-

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product of the liturgic-social life of the Universal Church. People who try to live habitually according to the mind of the Church as evinced in her liturgical forms and practises are generally successful in catching the spirit of her chant, irrespective of their musical or scientific capabilities. People who do not do this, or who still remain in obscurity regarding the great theological truths underlying sound liturgical practise, are not going to be greatly helped by a mere technical betterment of the chant-structure. There may be considerable room for a refurbishment of the latter, but efforts solely in this direction will never popularize liturgical singing!

My insistence on this point is by no means to keep alive a regrettable controversy, but because I believe the Reverend Bonvin's objections to impinge upon a vital nerve-center of the whole liturgical movement. Liturgical art as well as liturgical singing can never be sound nor true as long as they are viewed as ends in themselves, instead of in their true character as results flowing naturally and spontaneously from sound liturgical practises and liturgical living. It is precisely this overemphasis upon technique and esthetic standards that constitutes the greatest danger to the liturgical revival at the present time. Not that we would countenance anything imperfect or unworthy in the liturgy; but what we need now most of all is an approach and an orientation far different from that supplied by the mere technician as such. It may be true that we are too deeply imbued with the spirit of secularism in our musical tastes and ideas, but if this is so, all the more is it necessary to begin again from an entirely different starting-point, to be guided by completely different standards.

After all, if Gregorian chant is a phase of liturgical prayer, as Pontiff after Pontiff has assured us it is, then it is futile to attempt to treat it as a mere musical form. It is essentially *sacral* in character, something mysterious, unworldly; and by that token something that must continue to elude the analyses of the mere technician, just as it must ever remain the antithesis of all that is profane.

Rev. W. Michael Ducey, O.S.B.

LARGE CATHOLIC FAMILIES

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: I was very glad to see the article, "Large Catholic Families," in your issue of December 29. All the indications that we have point to the soundness of Mr. O'Connor's tentative conclusion, namely, that Catholic families of the third generation and onward are little if any larger than the families of non-Catholics in the United States. The three tables which he submits are, I believe, fairly representative of the whole population. We Catholics have been living in a fools' paradise as regards our assumption that we are having larger families and increasing our proportion of the inhabitants of America. When I wrote the prophecy quoted by Mr. O'Connor (it was about 1925, I think), I was temporarily sojourning in that same paradise of illusion and illusive hope. I know better now.

A few weeks ago I suggested to a conference of priests in a large Eastern diocese that they take a census of the married women of their parishes between the ages of thirty-eight and forty-two and find out how many have more than three children each. I told them that the result would be disconcerting. And yet the average number of children in a family must be about three and three-fifths in order to keep the population of a group barely stationary. It seems to be a fact that the present child-bearing and potential child-bearing generation of Catholics is not reproducing itself. In a considerable degree this condition is due to late marriages and lay celibacy.

Whatever the causes may be, the trend of our Catholic population is toward gradual extinction. Our people are showing that they have not the capacity, the courage and the endurance necessary to marry and to bring into the world sufficiently large families to insure group survival. They are become weaklings, and unless they soon reform their philosophy of life, they will go the way of all the other inadequate groups in history. They will perish and their places will be taken by more vigorous and elemental groups.

Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan.

RAIL AND MOTOR

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: Before it is too late, I want to do my bit to help rouse public sentiment against a danger that threatens us and rouse it to such an extent that enough others will act to avert it.

Modern genius has devised two modes of transportation, rail and motor. The first is one of the largest, if not the very largest taxpayers in the state. In addition, it furnishes or has furnished an army of our citizens with their living as well as the means with which to pay their taxes. And, furthermore, the dividends on its stock not only provide luxuries for the wealthy, but a living for the frugal who have bought just a few out of the savings from their daily labor.

It is well known and often remarked that the railroads maintain their own roads, whereas the trucks and busses use the state roads without cost or redress. Naturally the system maintaining its own, cannot compete under the circumstances. If motor service could supply the entire demand, it might be just as well to permit them to go to the wall, but it cannot; and if we permit this uneven competition to continue the railroads are going to the wall and the savings of the poor, along with the accumulations of the wealthy and the daily employment of the many, are to be wiped out. There have undoubtedly been wrongs committed by them, but if necessary Interstate Commerce can interfere in the future, as in the past.

Then when the burden of taxes, of traffic and of administration is shifted to the inadequate shoulders of the motor companies, and state road congestion becomes more acute, steps will have to be taken to even up things so the railroads can operate at a profit, and the effort will be like overcoming the depression. Would it not be better to sidetrack the trouble?

Anastasia M. Lawler.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

False Dreams, Farewell

HUGH STANGE has attempted in a play of curiously mixed values to repeat the technical experiment of "Grand Hotel" by changing the setting to a huge ocean liner which founders on its maiden voyage.

By the technical device of a number of short scenes, we are introduced to a wide variety of characters brought together on the ill-fated voyage of this great ship. The ship, it seems, in its trial runs, had run aground and so damaged its structure that the master of the vessel knows it would be dangerous to run her at top speed in the effort to make a new record for crossing. But the owner of the line is determined that the ship shall make a record as he is facing bankruptcy and the only chance of getting new capital for his company is to have this new ship establish a world record for speed. Against the will and best judgment of the captain, the ship is forced beyond its limit of endurance and founders in mid-ocean. Thus, the ill-assorted lives of those on board are brought to an abrupt end. A few may be saved. We do not know.

It is obvious that Mr. Stange has not only adopted the technique of "Grand Hotel" but also something of the central idea of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Among the passengers are a novelist who has just received the Nobel prize, and is on his way to Sweden with a virago of a wife; a young doctor who, with the assistance of his wife, has discovered a probable cure for cancer; a Catholic bishop on his way to Rome to be made a cardinal, and his bosom friend of college days, who has turned atheist; a motion picture actress who has given up her career because of her love for the young doctor who is on the same ship; a newspaper columnist and his wife who have just left their children for their first vacation in many years.

The wife of the young doctor who has been his partner in most of his scientific investigations has had one side of her face badly burned when she saved her husband's life in a laboratory experiment. Her original courage has turned largely to self-pity of the kind which has destroyed her husband's love. The Nobel prize winner has become an inveterate drunkard, and so it goes. All these lives become more and more entangled as the great ship plows ahead toward her fate.

There are many fine aspects to individual scenes of this play. It seems to be the author's intention to show both the ferociousness and the tenderness, the selfishness and the self-sacrifice of which human beings are capable under the stress of great emotion, or great danger. But he has really attempted something beyond his powers of achievement. He mixes a brutal realism and a quality of tender sentimentality in such a fashion that the two elements do not fuse. At one moment, he is putting every kind of blasphemy in the mouths of his characters and at the next, he is showing the calmness, or the exaltation of religious faith. The last scene in which the bishop gives absolution to those who must remain on the boat and in which the atheist finally turns back to God is highly impressive even if it is not original in its content. But the thread of unity between many of the other scenes is lost. Nor can I say that he achieves the full inner meaning which pervaded the story of the Bridge of San Luis Rey. The great adventure of the ship itself is not made very credible and many of the individual character studies suffer from the effort to say too much in a few brief words. It is unfortunate that a play with so large an idea should be reduced in stature by details of dramatic mishandling. (At the Little Theatre.)

Big Hearted Herbert

J. C. NUGENT is one of the few actors who can carry through a ridiculous farce with such credibility that it seems to change character and become a plausible comedy. If you break down "Big Hearted Herbert" into its various parts, it is little more than a transcript of the comic strip scenes of "Bringing Up Father" and the like. It is one of those old, old themes of a self-made man who cannot understand the inclinations or desires of his family to live their lives any more gracefully or comfortably than he did in his youth.

Of course the authors, Sophie Kerr and Anna Steele Richardson, have made the most of their slender opportunities. They have drawn a reasonably interesting group of characters and put them through their paces with a hilarious sense of fun. Our old friend, Mr. Nugent, of course plays the father and plays it to the hilt with all his favorite mannerisms, including that method of holding his breath which makes him seem on the edge of a stroke of apoplexy. Mr. Nugent is one of the best troupers in the theatre today and it is always a joy to see him perform his bag of tricks. Incidentally, he has often demonstrated in more serious plays that he can bring real pathos or tragedy into the theatre quite as well as farce and comedy. The father in this particular play not only resents the very thought of giving his family enough to live on comfortably, although he is a prosperous manufacturer, but resents with even greater vehemence his daughter's engagement to a Harvard graduate. The play points out rather needlessly that this explosive father is suffering from an "inferiority complex" which makes him run down anyone whose advantages and training are superior to his own. Whatever the reason for it, the fact remains that he is abusive and disagreeable to the entire family of his daughter's fiancé, insists upon talking about the plainness and simplicity of his own family, insists upon keeping an abominable crayon portrait of his day-laborer father over the mantlepiece, and talks at great length about the few sober days which his father enjoyed.

The one respect in which the play departs from the comic strip inspiration is in the neat fashion in which the family turn the tables and bring father to terms. As there is something of a surprise element in this part of the play, I shall not trespass on the author's privilege beyond a word of distinct praise for the exceedingly funny last scene. Eddie Dowling, the producer of "Big Hearted Herbert," has had the good sense to use actors of superior ability, including Elizabeth Risdon, who give the play a substance which its lines lack. (At the Biltmore Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Mexico Interpreted

Peace by Revolution; An Interpretation of Mexico, by Frank Tannenbaum. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.50.

"MEXICO is a beggar sitting on a bag of gold," said Humboldt—a metaphor which has so captivated students that most historical writing on the country has dealt with the manner in which greedy foreigners have sought to rape this treasure. Many Mexicans have been inclined to accept this estimate, for it provides them, as it has other thwarted peoples, with a chance to explain all their troubles in the terms of foreign policy. Cortez and his conquistadors, of course, did cross the seas principally with loot in mind. But that does not explain the hacienda system, the treatment of the Indian nor, most importantly, the Church.

In recent years there has appeared a school of historians who seek to interpret present-day Mexico by examining the hybrid nature of her history. Greuning, Beals, Chase, Pereyra, Gamio and others have stressed the importance of the Indian in the pattern of Mexican life. But none has essayed such a sober, rational and fair-minded summary of the most hallowed of Mexican institutions, the Church, as has Frank Tannenbaum in this "Peace by Revolution." Mexican historians have either been piously clerical or violently Jacobin; and American writers have rarely found better poise. Dr. Tannenbaum has approached the religious problem without anti-clerical prejudices and with a commendable sanity of judgment.

It all started back at the time when the King of Spain exacted from Pope Alexander IV in 1493 and from Julius II in 1508 Bulls that virtually placed the Church in Spanish dominions under the power of the Crown. The Crown named the bishops of the Church before the Pope confirmed the appointments. The Crown apportioned the territorial limits of the dioceses. The Crown government could punish the servants of the Church and could interfere with punishments ordered by the Church. Edicts of the Pope had to be executed and published with the permission of the king and the latter reserved the right to adjudicate ecclesiastical disagreements.

This should serve to explain some things to Americans perplexed by the complications of the Church-State strife of a few years ago. The Church was afraid that the president of the republic would control the naming of priests, just as the Spanish king did. It helps to explain, also, the tempestuous period of independence when the Church incurred much odium by siding with the Spaniards and it clarifies the decades of revolution which led up to the severe Reform laws.

It cannot, of course, explain the extraordinary zeal which led Las Casas, Quiroga and Zumarraga to fight for rights for the Indians, to protect them from rapacious soldiers and to work unremittingly in a humanitarian way for the oppressed aborigines. What a contrast with Protestant America, where the red man was persecuted and virtually exterminated by a system which had no such humanizing counterpoise. As Dr. Tannenbaum remarks, "That the Indian has a future in Mexico is in no small measure due to the saving influences of the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion."

But while the Church thus protected the Indians, it did not wholly absorb them into the body of the Church itself. Also, there were disputes within the Church, between the orders and the regular clergy, and when the King of Spain outlawed the Jesuit order in the eighteenth century, some of the best missionary blood of the Church was lost.

First of all, the Church made the natural mistake of siding with the Crown—its legal head—during the Independence period, 1810-1821. This aroused enmity and weakened the faith of many Mexicans. Then when the republic was founded, the Church was the only strong and rich institution within the State. The government on the other hand was weak and poor. Liberal politicians, bureaucrats and avaricious generals saw in the Church a source of loot and plunder. Other officials, impressed by the stability of the Church in a changing world where presidents succeeded presidents in bewildering revolutions, sought the support of the hierarchy. Disinclined to meddle in politics, the Church was forced into taking sides.

Thus arose the legend of a wicked, obscurantist Church which interfered with the political evolution of the State and which was conquered by an aroused and emancipated electorate led by Juarez, the hero of the famous anti-clerical Reform Laws. The Reform Laws confiscated Church lands and wealth and naturally placed this in the hands of politicians and the new middle class.

Accordingly the liberals found potential allies among every ranch owner—and there were many of them—who had a Church mortgage on his land. No matter that the Church was a merciful creditor, no matter that she lent money at rates of interest which were low, especially low compared to the usurious rates now in force in Mexican banking. The debtors perceived a chance to rid themselves of their financial burden, and that chance was to deprive the Church of its power to hold property or make loans on private lands.

Political events and the Church's attitude toward them also influenced the downfall of its power. The unfortunate alliance with the French invaders in the sixties gave the anti-clericals additional arguments—that the Church was anti-Mexican, anti-national and treasonable—and the arguments carried force. Under Diaz, the Church enjoyed a St. Martin's summer of peace and freedom from oppression. It was not altogether happy under this rule; it saw the abuses, and in various Church congresses called for reforms. But so timidly—for fear that it would incur the charge of meddling in politics—that it was again identified by new revolutionists after 1910 with the reactionary Diaz régime. And so came about the unfortunate condition of the Church in Mexico today.

No more fair and impartial statement of this age-old conflict in Mexico has been made than Dr. Tannenbaum gives in this book. He views historical events dispassionately and stresses the inevitability of the struggle. But in some respects, the author overstates his case.

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Granted the difficulty of estimating the genuine Catholicism of the Indian, it is permissible to doubt whether he is quite as incorrigibly pagan as Dr. Tannenbaum suggests. The fact that the Indians at Cholula execute a dance before the altar at fiesta time no more proves they are pagan than the dance of the famous boy dancers in the Cathedral of Seville proves that they are pagan. As G. K. Chesterton put it: "Those who criticize the origins of Christianity frequently maintain that the religious festivals, processions and dances are of pagan origin. But with equal reason they could say that our stones are also of pagan origin. No one has ever denied that humanity was human before being Christian, and no church has fabricated the stones which allow men to dance on them whether they be used in a romeria or a ballet."

The analysis of the Church in Mexico, however, is but one portion of Dr. Tannenbaum's fascinating book on all aspects of the Mexican revolution. He discusses the labor legislation of Obregon and Calles, education and, most important of all, the agrarian situation. The author is an expert on this question and his book, "The Mexican Agrarian Revolution," is the most authoritative work on the subject. What he says concerning the relatively small amount of land which has been given back to the peasants and how dangerous a situation exists now, in view of their indomitable desire to possess land, bodes no great good for the future stability of the Mexican republic. "Peace by Revolution" is the most important study of Mexico to appear since Humboldt's "Essai sur la Nouvelle Espagne."

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

Provocative

Ida Elisabeth, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS novel is not only interesting from the first chapter to the last word but provocative as well. It might well form the topic of thoughtful as well as heated argument. The woman whose story it is is drawn with such energy as well as with such conviction that she refuses passive acceptance on the part of any reader. Beneath everything she does, within every word she speaks, there pulsates such life and living that she is unforgettable. Her solution of her own terrifying problem will seem pernicious to some minds, reassuring to others, perhaps to most inevitable. But that she is a woman of rare and dynamic courage must be admitted from the moment when she boards the fjord boat with her child just released from the hospital to the last moment when she allows the same child, now grown, to ascend the hill to look upon his father in death.

The story of Ida Elisabeth is the story of a disheartening, cruel and impossible marriage. As a young girl, from a background of misunderstanding and brutality, she marries a worthless, mentally undeveloped boy who remains a boy as long as he lives. She supports herself, her husband, and their three children; she suffers the death of the eldest, a death caused by the negligence of the father; she endures faithlessness, poverty, disgrace; she falls in love with a man who can offer her spiritual as well as emotional companionship; yet in the end she re-

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Next Week

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION, by J. Elliot Ross, tells of a Presbyterian minister, a rabbi of the synagogue and a Catholic priest traveling together 9,000 miles, speaking in 35 cities, 24 states, to 106 audiences, besides broadcasting 23 times, for the cause of religious tolerance. The masses of the ignorant who are exploited by profiteers in prejudice and fall victims to Klan-like propaganda are, when bigotry is mounting in one of its recurrent tides, obviously less amenable to a consideration of the facts than when there is comparative calm in the field. For this reason the drive described and participated in by Father Ross was undertaken and the results were most hopeful. . . . THE BLUE EAGLE AND BEET-SUGAR, by Arthur E. Gleason, exposes what he describes as "the miserable lot of the serfs who tend the vast sugar-beet fields out West . . . the greed of capital and the plight of labor in this industry, an industry safely hidden behind a throttled press and profitably operating behind a huge tariff wall . . . facts about the beet-sugar business that should be brought to the attention of everyone who buys a bag of sugar, or desires justice and fair prices." . . . RENEWING A FRIENDSHIP, by Andre Maurois, the well-known author, discovers a revival of harmony and mutual trust between France and England. . . . WILL THE RUSSIANS COME BACK?, by Edwin Ryan, reports the reuniting of members of the Russian Orthodox hierarchy and clergy and laity with the indivisible Church in which all Christendom was once united.

nounces her love for the sake of her children, for her husband's pathetic and childish parents, and for an inconsistent but overwhelming and irresistible conviction.

Unlike those convictions which form at once the groundwork and the spirit of other of Sigrid Undset's novels, this one is not religious. Perhaps if it were, the story would afford less ground for dispute. If doctrines dictated Ida Elisabeth's behavior or if faith lent its reality to her life, she would be more easily explainable. But here religion plays almost no discernible part, or at least the Christian religion. Her feeling upon the death of her husband, that he has perhaps entered some state in which he may be taught the truth he has never known upon earth, is but a notion, wistful and plaintive, even fanciful. It has nothing of certainty in it. It belongs to the richness and beauty of her imagination rather than to her mind or her spirit. She is as a matter of fact more pagan than Christian. She is close to the earth and it to her. From it she senses a kind of rhythm which causes her to feel life as a whole, humanity as humanity; and she cannot break this sense of continuity.

It is impossible not to feel that the author weakens her argument by her overemphasis of external circumstances. If Ida Elisabeth had renounced her love to stay by her children and her husband's people simply because she did feel life as a whole, simply because she could not help continuing in the course of it, held therein by some strange force which would not let her go, the book would somehow take on a bigger aspect than it does. For example, in "Wuthering Heights," beneath and behind all the horror and brutality, there is a spiritual power in the very love of the earth which dominates every stricken soul in the book. It may be devilish in its details, but in its atmosphere it is supernatural, even spiritual. There is the same force in this book of Sigrid Undset's, but it is unused or at least it is not used to its full capacity. Something of the earth, the snow, the moss which she holds in her fingers, the blue shadows of the firs, her passion for the sea, does unmistakably dominate Ida Elisabeth, and it might be made strong enough to explain the tenacity with which she clings to her children who are born of a passion wholly natural. Instead, the author makes far more convincing the lack of understanding with which Ida Elisabeth's lover regards her sons, his indulgence of them, the irritation which they afford him. So that in the end we feel that she renounces him almost entirely for the sake of her children rather than for any larger outside force. We almost feel that if his attitude toward her boys could only be different, the story might have gone another and happier way.

This solution seems, to one reader at least, unfortunate in that it hides from sight a far bigger and more basic influence. A great question or problem, it seems, might well be solved by greater means, especially when they lie so ready at hand. Nevertheless, the book is itself a big book, marching steadily on, looking neither right nor left, intent on fulfilment. It has power and dignity and, in spite of its austere tragedy, a memorable strength and serenity. It should be read widely and thoroughly.

Mary Ellen Chase.

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An Inspiring Portrait

Letters of Grover Cleveland: 1850-1908; selected and edited by Allan Nevins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

WITH such consummate skill is this arrangement of Cleveland's letters made that the book is far more a biography of him than are most formal "lives" biographies of anybody. It may well be called Cleveland's autobiography. The whole man is revealed in it; unknowingly Cleveland was his own Boswell. There is no phase of his life that the editor's artistry does not bring out, from the greatest to the smallest and seemingly least important, and at the end the portrait is rounded and complete.

It is a most inspiring portrait, especially in these years. So far as character is concerned, Cleveland did not really grow; he was always the same. All the virtues that we pride ourselves on as American were his. When we speak of them as "old-fashioned virtues" it is as if they were of a past age; and so much the finer is it that we should find them not only in our own age, but furnishing the guiding star of a man's life. If that was the case with the audible Cleveland, it is certain that it must also be the case with inaudible millions, and that this age is not so decadent as its few paltry thousands of literary ignis fatuus chasers too often make us believe.

Cleveland's honesty and courage are a twice-told tale. In this book appear his fineness, his truth to spiritual and moral ideals, his perception of "the root of the matter." They appear all the more forcibly because he was unconscious of it and the letters are so casual, such table-talk. Always he was truly religious, and humble in his religion. The day he was elected governor he wrote his brother: "I have just voted. . . . Do you know if Mother were alive I should feel so much safer? I have always thought her prayers had much to do with my success. I shall expect you to help me in that way." The motto he kept on his mantel, he wrote in 1897, was: "Things done are won, but joy's full soul lies in the doing."

A Presbyterian of the old and the truly admirable stripe—not of the Modernist kind so fashionable—he was yet broad-minded. "I know Cardinal Gibbons," he writes, "and know him to be a good citizen and a first-rate American, and that his kindness of heart and toleration are in striking contrast with the fierce intolerance and vicious malignity which disgrace some who profess to be Protestants. . . . I should be ashamed of my Presbyterianism if these declarations gave grounds of offense." Again, "Your exceedingly ill-natured reference to the 'Irishman' and the 'Catholic' . . . demonstrates that you have but little idea of the impartial treatment due to American citizenship."

Almost his last letter, just before his death, seems like a torch raised above the grave into which he was descending to shed its light on the tendencies so rampant in 1934 in so many places and in both parties: "To be more specific in my reply, I should say that more than ever just at this time the Democratic party should display honest and sincere conservatism, a regard for constitutional limitations, and a determination not to be

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swept from our moorings by temporary clamor or spectacular exploitation."

In domestic matters his ideas may, but should not, strike oddly on "advanced" minds today. About to marry, he writes: "I have my heart set upon making Frank a sensible, domestic American wife, and I should be pleased not to hear her spoken of as 'The First Lady of the Land' or 'The Mistress of the White House.'" Always he and she repeat the note, as when they disapprove the proposal of some ladies to form a "Frances Cleveland Influence Club" and he writes that their objection "rests upon the sentiment that the name now sacred in the home circle as wife and mother may well be spared in the organization of clubs created to exert political influence." It is only twenty-five years since this man died; certainly the breed to which he belonged, if not currently very articulate, did not die with him.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Corporate Worship

Christian Life and Worship, by the Reverend Gerald Ellard, S. J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

IT is essential that an integration of dogma, worship and living be made by Catholics and completely. It is essential that the growing Christocentric emphasis in Catholic thought and devotion be shielded from any danger of subjectivism and non-ecclesiastical individualism which would forget that the central Christ is Christ in the Church. It is essential that we understand our place in that Christian scheme of life which begins with the concept of the supernatural life acquired in Christ whereby we are adopted sons of God and sharers in the divine nature. This God-life flows through Christ the Head into the members who make up with Him a Mystical Body. The Buddhist is a disciple of Buddha, the Mohammedan a disciple of Mohammed. But the Christian puts on Christ and is incorporated into an actual Body of which He is Head and we the members. Our solidarity with Christ and one another is real.

It is essential that we realize that the sacraments are the means whereby this Christ-life is communicated to us. By them we are engrafted into the Body, through them the life of grace flows in us. It is essential that we grasp the relation we have to God by worship and that we sound the depths of ritual and sacrifice and the part of each of us in the great Christian sacrifice. It is essential that we follow the implications of our Christ-life in individual and social life. It is essential that a Catholic consciousness be deepened and sharpened lest the vagaries of tolerationists land more of the short-sighted into bogs of liberalism. It is essential that the liturgy be preserved from faddists, antiquarians and esthetes.

These important purposes are highly served in the unique work under review. The cliché, "It fills a long felt want," is applicable. It is a book for clerk and layman. To spread its potentialities for good in college and seminary, in teaching and preaching and reading, will be to make operative a force for building a vigorous, integral Catholicism.

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If forty colleges in the United States already have courses dealing with the Mystical Body or Corporate Worship or both, this textbook with its logical plan, selected topics for discussion, and good bibliographies makes it possible for that number to be easily increased. And the wealth of sermon material in its chapters might well be used for systematic instruction in the pulpit.

JOSEPH M. EGAN.

The United States and the Papacy

American Public Opinion on Diplomatic Relations between the United States and the Papal States, by Sister Loretta Clare Feiertag. Mount St. Joseph, Ohio: College of Mount St. Joseph. $1.50.

THERE are signs and portents in the lands that Americans are beginning to be receptive to the facts of history. I should call Sister Loretta Clare's book, brief as it is, one of those important signs—not of the birth of Catholic scholarship, but of the reemergence of a Catholic critique, which was once known and accepted, but which has been long overlaid and obscured by the inevitable consequences of our own evolutionary chaos.

She has chosen a curious episode in our history. Of all times to establish diplomatic relations with the Papal Monarchy, this was apparently the most inappropriate that could be selected. Mass immigration here, in which great numbers of new Catholics were arriving, had fanned our anti-foreign sentiment to lively flame. The drive for unification of Italy brought antagonists of the Papacy to the belief that at last it was approaching extinction. Our own disruption seemed to be imminent. In the confusion of American ideas, new Catholics, ignorant of the true issues, were taking sides blindly. In consequence, Catholics were bound to suffer in some section of American public opinion. In spite of all that, our relations with the Vatican as the authoress shows) were more than ordinarily cordial and dignified. She rightly places the final rupture, not on bigotry, not on the "Shadow of the Pope," but principally upon domestic war politics in the United States, where it properly belongs.

She portrays both the manifestations of public intolerance in the North and defense of our papal relations by the representative Congress in the "bigoted" South. It was not her province, perhaps, to point out in this special study how unconscious we were of the enormous diplomatic advantage we might have gained by this relation with the Vatican Court, for our relations with South America—where our envoys were trying to gain friendship and good-will for the United States by a broad, consistent and intensive attack on everything Catholic. It was not within her province either, perhaps, to show that the advantages we sought there would have been possible only to a trained professional diplomacy, although she does record the fact that one of our most successful envoys to the Pope, was an experienced diplomat—and a Catholic.

Her book is a good start away from the blight of particularism, which Catholic history students have accepted from our degradation of American history.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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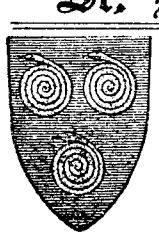
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Briefer Mention

The Winding Stair, and other poems, by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THESE are the poems of a tired pagan, an Irishman, a poet and a paradox. "The innocent and the beautiful," he writes, "have no enemy but time." And in another place he adds, "Think of ancestral night that can . . . deliver from the crime of death and birth." In such as this and the nostalgic embroideries that go with it we have the familiar weary pagan, as also in the everlasting pagan plaint of love's unapeasement or fugitiveness. These oft-worked themes are worked again in colorful Irishisms and some flings taken at English brutality. There is throughout the distinctive touch of poetry, and the paradox is an occasional believer's reference to Christian revelation, paradoxical because the writer is so outspokenly not a believer. In his preface the author indicates that the poems were written close on illness and despair, and they express the poignant sadness of those who look upon old age and death as decrepitude and dissolution of the spirit as well as of the flesh.

Roll, Jordan, Roll, by Julia Peterkin and Doris Ullmann. New York: Robert O. Ballou. $3.50.

JULIA PETERKIN is a good writer and Doris Ullmann is a keen-eyed, artistic photographer. Between them they have managed to get out a book about Negro life in the "old South" which has much of the glamor of a novel and vastly more value as a document. The milieu described is rapidly passing away. In it memories of an older time blend with customs adapted to new conditions, Negroes continuing to live close to Mother Nature but always stirred by the "promptings" of their religious spirit. The book is realistic in one way, romantic in another. Its picture of fundamental facts is mixed with a froth of anecdote. The illustrations strive to be both representative and individual, often with success. As a whole the authors have presented something important in Americana.

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